

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE PROPOSED SUBSTITUTES FOR RELIGION.

THERE appears to be a connection between the proposed substitutes for religion and the special training of their several authors. Historians tender us the worship of Humanity, professors of physical science tender us Cosmic Emotion. Theism might almost retort the apologue of the spectre of the Brocken.

The only organised cultus without a God, at present before us, is that of Comte. This in all its parts—its high-priesthood, its hierarchy, its sacraments, its calendar, its hagiology, its literary canon, its ritualism, and we may add, in its fundamentally intolerant and inquisitorial character—is an obvious reproduction of the Church of Rome, with Humanity in place of God, great men in place of the saints, the Founder of Comtism in place of the Founder of Christianity, and even a sort of substitute for the Virgin in the shape of womanhood typified by Clotilde de Vaux. There is only just the amount of difference which would be necessary to escape from servile imitation. We have ourselves witnessed a case of alternation between the two systems which testified to the closeness of their affinity. The Catholic Church has acted on the imagination of Comte at least as powerfully as Sparta acted on that of Plato. Nor is Comtism, any more than Plato's *Republic* and other Utopias, exempt from the infirmity of claiming finality for a slight of the individual imagination. It would shut

up mankind for ever in a stereotyped organisation which is the vision of a particular thinker. In this respect it seems to us to be at a disadvantage compared with Christianity, which, as presented in the Gospels, does not pretend to organise mankind ecclesiastically or politically, but simply supplies a new type of character, and a new motive power, leaving government, ritual and organisation of every kind to determine themselves from age to age. Comte's prohibition of inquiry into the composition of the stars, which his priesthood, had it been installed in power, would perhaps have converted into a compulsory article of faith, is only a specimen of his general tendency (the common tendency, as we have said, of all Utopias) to impose on human progress the limits of his own mind. Let his hierarchy become masters of the world, and the effect would probably be like that produced by the ascendancy of a hierarchy (enlightened no doubt for its time) in Egypt, a brief start forward, followed by consecrated immobility for ever.

Lareveillère Lepaux, the member of the French Directory, invented a new religion of Theophilanthropy, which seems in fact to have been an organised Rousseauism. He wished to impose it on France, but finding that, in spite of his passionate endeavours, he made but little progress, he sought the advice of Talleyrand. "I am not surprised," said Talleyrand, "at the difficulty you experience. It is no easy

matter to introduce a new religion. But I will tell you what I recommend you to do. I recommend you to be crucified, and to rise again on the third day." We cannot say whether Lareveillère made any proselytes, but if he did their number cannot have been much smaller than the reputed number of the religious disciples of Comte. As a philosophy, Comtism has found its place, and exercised its share of influence among the philosophies of the time; but as a religious system it appears to make little way. It is the invention of a man, not the spontaneous expression of the beliefs and feelings of mankind. Any one with a tolerably lively imagination might produce a rival system with as little practical effect. Roman Catholicism was at all events a growth, not an invention.

Cosmic Emotion, though it does not affect to be an organised system, is the somewhat sudden creation of individual minds, set at work apparently by the exigencies of a particular situation, and on that account suggestive *prima facie* of misgivings similar to those suggested by the invention of Comte.

Now, is the worship of Humanity or Cosmic Emotion really a substitute for religion? That is the only question which we wish, in these few pages, to ask. We do not pretend here to inquire what is or what is not true in itself.

Religion teaches that we have our being in a Power whose character and purposes are indicated to us by our moral nature, in whom we are united, and by the union made sacred to each other; whose voice conscience, however generated, is; whose eye is always upon us, sees all our acts, and sees them as they are morally without reference to worldly success, or to the opinion of the world; to whom at death we return; and our relations to whom, together with his own nature, are an assurance that, according as we promote or fail to promote his design by self-improve-

ment, and the improvement of our kind, it will be well or ill for us in the sum of things. This is a hypothesis evidently separable from belief in a revelation, and from any special theory respecting the next world, as well as from all dogma and ritual. It may be true or false in itself, capable of demonstration or incapable. We are concerned here solely with its practical efficiency, compared with that of the proposed substitutes. It is only necessary to remark, that there is nothing about the religious hypothesis as here stated, miraculous, supernatural, or mysterious, except so far as those epithets may be applied to anything beyond the range of bodily sense, say the influence of opinion or affection. A universe self-made, and without a God, is at least as great a mystery as a universe with a God; in fact the very attempt to conceive it in the mind produces a mortal vertigo which is a bad omen for the practical success of Cosmic Emotion.

For this religion are the service and worship of Humanity likely to be a real equivalent in any respect, as motive power, as restraint, or as comfort? Will the idea of life in God be adequately replaced by that of an interest in the condition and progress of Humanity, as they may affect us and be influenced by our conduct, together with the hope of human gratitude and fear of human reprobation after death, which the Comtists endeavour to organise into a sort of counterpart of the Day of Judgment?

It will probably be at once conceded that the answer must be in the negative as regards the immediate future and the mass of mankind. The simple truths of religion are intelligible to all, and strike all minds with equal force, though they may not have the same influence with all moral natures. A child learns them perfectly at its mother's knee. Honest ignorance in the mine, on the sea, at the forge, striving to do its coarse and perilous duty, performing the lowliest functions of humanity, contributing in the

humblest way to human progress, itself scarcely sunned by a ray of what more cultivated natures would deem happiness, takes in as fully as the sublimest philosopher the idea of a God who sees and cares for all, who keeps account of the work well done or the kind act, marks the secret fault, and will hereafter make up to duty for the hardness of its present lot. But a vivid interest—such an interest as will act both as a restraint and as a comfort—in the condition and future of humanity, can surely exist only in those who have a knowledge of history sufficient to enable them to embrace the unity of the past, and an imagination sufficiently cultivated to glow with anticipation of the future. For the bulk of mankind the humanity-worshipper's point of view seems unattainable, at least within any calculable time.

As to posthumous reputation, good or evil, it is, and always must be, the appanage of a few marked men. The plan of giving it substance by instituting separate burial-places for the virtuous and the wicked is perhaps not very seriously proposed. Any such plan involves the fallacy of a sharp division where there is no clear moral line, besides postulating not only an unattainable knowledge of men's actions, but a knowledge still more manifestly unattainable of their hearts. Yet we cannot help thinking that with the men of intellect, to whose teaching the world is listening, this hope of posthumous reputation, or, to put it more fairly, of living in the gratitude and affection of their kind by means of their scientific discoveries and literary works, exerts an influence of which they are hardly conscious; it prevents them from fully feeling the void which the annihilation of the hope of future existence leaves in the hearts of ordinary men.

Besides, so far as we are aware, no attempt has yet been made to show us distinctly what "humanity" is, and wherein its "holiness" consists. If the theological hypothesis is true, and

all men are united in God, humanity is a substantial reality; but otherwise we fail to see that it is anything more than a metaphysical abstraction converted into an actual entity by philosophers who are not generally kind to metaphysics. Even the unity of the species is far from settled; science still debates whether there is one race of men, or whether there are more than a hundred. Man acts on man, no doubt; but he also acts on other animals, and other animals on him. Wherein does the special unity or the special bond consist? Above all, what constitutes the "holiness"? Individual men are not holy; a large proportion of them are very much the reverse. Why is the aggregate holy? Let the unit be a "complex phenomenon," an "organism," or whatever name science may give it, what multiple of it will be a rational object of worship?

For our own part, we cannot conceive worship being offered by a sane worshipper to any but a conscious being, in other words, to a person. The fetish-worshipper himself probably invests his fetish with a vague personality, such as would render it capable of propitiation. But how can we invest with a collective personality the fleeting generations of mankind? Even the sum of mankind is never complete, much less are the units blended into a personal whole, or, as it has been called, a colossal man.

There is a gulf here, as it seems to us, which cannot be bridged, and can barely be thatched over by the retention of religious phraseology. In truth, the anxious use of that phraseology betrays weakness, since it shows that you cannot do without the theological associations which cling inseparably to religious terms.

You look forward to a closer union, a more complete brotherhood of man, an increased sacredness of the human relation. Some things point that way: some things point the other way. Brotherhood has hardly a definite meaning without a father; sacredness

can hardly be predicated without anything to consecrate. We can point to an eminent writer who tells you that he detests the idea of brotherly love altogether; that there are many of his kind whom, so far from loving, he hates, and that he would like to write his hatred with a lash upon their backs. Look again at the inhuman Prussianism which betrays itself in the New Creed of Strauss. Look at the oligarchy of enlightenment and enjoyment which Renan, in his *Moral Reform of France*, proposes to institute for the benefit of his own circle, with sublime indifference to the lot of the vulgar, who, he says, "must subsist on the glory and happiness of others." This does not look much like a nearer approach to a brotherhood of man than is made by the Gospel.

In an article on the "Ascent of Man" we referred to doctrines broached by science at the time of the Jamaica massacre. We neither denied nor had forgotten, but, on the contrary, most gratefully remembered, that among the foremost champions of humanity on that occasion stood some men of the highest eminence who are generally classed with the ultra-scientific school; but they were men in whose philosophy we are persuaded an essentially theological element still lingers, however anti-theological the language of some of them may be.<sup>1</sup>

We are speaking, of course, merely of the comparative moral efficiency of religion and of the proposed substitutes for it, apart from the influence exercised over individual conduct by the material needs and other non-theological forces of society.

For the immortality of the individual soul, with the influences of that belief, we are asked to accept the immortality of the race. But here, in addition to the difficulty of proving the union and intercommunion of all the members, we are met by the objection that unless we live in God, the race, in all

probability, is not immortal. That our planet and all it contains will come to an end, appears to be the decided opinion of science. This "holy" being, our relation to which is to take the place of our relation to an eternal Father, by the adoration of which we are to be sustained and controlled, if it exists at all, is as ephemeral compared with eternity as a fly. We shall be told that we ought to be content with an immortality extending through tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of years. To the *argumentum ad verecundiam* there is no reply. But will this banish the thought of ultimate annihilation? Will it prevent a man, when he is called upon to make some great sacrifice for the race, from saying to himself, that, whether he makes the sacrifice or not, one day all will end in nothing?

Evidently these are points which must be made quite clear before you can, with any prospect of success, call upon men either to regard Humanity with the same feelings with which they have regarded God, or to give up their own interest or enjoyment for the future benefit of the race. The assurance derived from the fondness felt by parents for their offspring, and the self-denying efforts made for the good of children, will hardly carry us very far, even supposing it certain that parental love would remain unaffected by the general change. It is evidently a thing apart from the general love of Humanity. Nobody was ever more extravagantly fond of his children, or made greater efforts for them, than Alexander Borgia.

It has been attempted, however, with all the fervour of conviction, and with all the force of a powerful style, to make us see not only that we have this corporate immortality as members of the "colossal man," but that we may look forward to an actual though impersonal existence in the shape of the prolongation through all future time of the consequences of our lives. It might with equal truth be

<sup>1</sup> We are not aware that in the writings of Mr. Darwin there is anything to prove or even to suggest that he is not a theist.



said that we have enjoyed an actual though impersonal existence through all time past in our antecedents. But neither in its consequences nor in its antecedents can anything be said to live except by a figure. The characters and actions of men surely will never be influenced by such a fanciful use of language as this! Our being is consciousness; with consciousness our being ends, though our physical forces may be conserved, and traces of our conduct—traces utterly undistinguishable—may remain. That with which we are not concerned cannot affect us either presently or by anticipation; and with that of which we shall never be conscious, we shall never feel that we are concerned. Perhaps if the authors of this new immortality would tell us what they understand by non-existence, we might be led to value more highly by contrast the existence which they propose for a soul when it has ceased to think or feel, and for an organism when it has been scattered to the winds.

They would persuade us that their impersonal and unconscious immortality is a brighter hope than an eternity of personal and conscious existence, the very thought of which they say is torture. This assumes, what there seems to be no ground for assuming, that eternity is a boundless extension of time; and, in the same way, that infinity is an endless space. It is more natural to conceive of them as emancipation respectively from time and space, and from the conditions which time and space involve; and among the conditions of time may apparently be reckoned the palling of pleasure or of existence by mere temporal protraction. Even as we are—sensual pleasure palls; so does the merely intellectual: but can the same be said of the happiness of virtue and affection? It is urged too that by exchanging the theological immortality for one of physical and social consequences, we get rid of the burden of self, which otherwise we should drag for ever. But surely in this

there is a confusion of self with selfishness. Selfishness is another name for vice. Self is merely consciousness. Without a self, how can there be self-sacrifice? How can the most unselfish emotion exist if there is nothing to be moved? "He that findeth his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life, shall find it," is not a doctrine of selfishness, but it implies a self. We have been rebuked in the words of Frederick to his grenadiers—"Do you want to live for ever?" The grenadiers might have answered, "Yes; and therefore we are ready to die."

It is not when we think of the loss of anything to which a taint of selfishness can adhere—it is not even when we think of intellectual effort cut short for ever by death just as the intellect has ripened and equipped itself with the necessary knowledge—that the nothingness of this immortality of conserved forces is most keenly felt: it is when we think of the miserable end of affection. How much comfort would it afford any one bending over the deathbed of his wife to know that forces set free by her dissolution will continue to mingle impersonally and indistinguishably with forces set free by the general mortality? Affection at all events requires personality. One cannot love a group of consequences, even supposing that the filiation could be distinctly presented to the mind. Pressed by the hand of sorrow craving for comfort, this Dead Sea fruit crumbles into ashes, paint it with eloquence as you will.

Humanity, it seems to us, is a fundamentally Christian idea, connected with the Christian view of the relations of men to their common Father and of their spiritual union in the Church. In the same way the idea of the progress of Humanity seems to us to have been derived from the Christian belief in the coming of the Kingdom of God through the extension of the Church, and to that final triumph of good over evil foretold in the imagery of the Apocalypse. At least the founders

of the Religion of Humanity will admit that the Christian Church is the matrix of theirs: so much their very nomenclature proves; and we would fain ask them to review the process of disengagement, and see whether the essence has not been left behind.

No doubt there are influences at work in modern civilisation which tend to the strengthening of the sentiment of humanity by making men more distinctly conscious of their position as members of a race. On the other hand, the unreflecting devotion of the tribesman, which held together primitive societies, dies. Man learns to reason and calculate; and when he is called upon to immolate himself to the common interest of the race he will consider what the common interest of the race, when he is dead and gone, will be to him, and whether he will ever be repaid for his sacrifice.

Of Cosmic Emotion it will perhaps be more fair to say that it is proposed as a substitute for religious emotion rather than as a substitute for religion, since nothing has been said about embodying it in a cult. It comes to us commended by glowing quotations from Mr. Swinburne and Walt Whitman, and we cannot help saying that, for common hearts, it stands in need of the commendation. The transfer of affection from an all-loving Father to an adamant universe is a process for which we may well seek all the aid that the witchery of poetry can supply. Unluckily, we are haunted by the consciousness that the poetry itself is blindly ground out by the same illimitable mill of evolution which grinds out virtue and affection. We are by no means sure that we understand what Cosmic Emotion is, even after reading an exposition of its nature by no ungifted hand. Its symbola, so to speak, are the feelings produced by the two objects of Kant's peculiar reverence, the stars of heaven, and the moral faculty of man. But, after all, these are only like anything else, aggregations of molecules in a certain stage of evolution. To the unscientific

eye they may be awful, because they are mysterious; but let science analyse them and their awfulness disappears. If the interaction of all parts of the material universe is complete, we fail to see why one object or one feeling is more cosmic than another. However, we will not dwell on that which, as we have already confessed, we do not feel sure that we rightly apprehend. What we do clearly see is that to have cosmic emotion, or cosmic anything, you must have a cosmos. You must be assured that the universe is a cosmos and not a chaos. And what assurance of this can materialism or any non-theological system give? Law is a theological term: it implies a lawgiver, or a governing intelligence of some kind. Science can tell us nothing but facts, single or accumulated as experience, which would not make a law though they had been observed through myriads of years. Law is a theological term, and cosmos is equally so, if it may not rather be said to be a Greek name for the aggregate of laws. For order implies intelligent selection and arrangement. Our idea of order would not be satisfied by a number of objects falling by mere chance into a particular figure however intricate and regular. All the arguments which have been used against design seem to tell with equal force against order. We have no other universe wherewith to compare this so as by the comparison to assure ourselves that this is not a chaos but a cosmos. Both on the earth and in the heavens we see much that is not order but disorder, not cosmos but acosmia. If we divine, nevertheless, that order reigns, and that there is design beneath the seemingly undesigned, and good beneath the appearance of evil, it is by virtue of something not dreamed of in the philosophy of materialism.

Have we really come to this, that the world has no longer any good reason for believing in a God or a life beyond the grave? If so, it is difficult to deny that with regard to the great mass of mankind up to this time Schopenhauer and the Pessimists

are right, and existence has been a cruel misadventure. The number of those who have suffered lifelong oppression, disease, or want, who have died deaths of torture or perished miserably by war, is limited though enormous; but probably there have been few lives in which the earthly good has not been outweighed by the evil. The future may bring increased means of happiness, though those who are gone will not be the better for them; but it will bring also increase of sensibility, and the consciousness of hopeless imperfection and miserable futility will probably become a distinct and growing cause of pain. It is doubtful even whether, after such a raising of Mokanna's veil, faith in everything would not expire and human effort cease. Still we must face the situation: there can be no use in self-delusion. In vain we shall seek to cheat our souls and to fill a void which cannot be filled by the manufacture of artificial religions and the affectation of a spiritual language to which, however persistently and fervently it may be used, no realities correspond. If one of these cults could get itself established, in less than a generation it would become hollower than the hollowest of ecclesiasticisms. Probably not a few of the highest natures would withdraw themselves from the dreary round of self-mockery by suicide; and if a scientific priesthood attempted to close that door by sociological dogma or posthumous denunciation the result would show the difference between the practical efficacy of a religion with a God and that of a cult of "Humanity" or "Space."

Shadows and figments, as they appear to us to be in themselves, these attempts to provide a substitute for religion are of the highest importance, as showing that men of great powers of mind, who have thoroughly broken loose not only from Christianity but from natural religion, and in some cases placed themselves in violent antagonism to both, are still unable

to divest themselves of the religious sentiment, or to appease its craving for satisfaction. There being no God, they find it necessary, as Voltaire predicted it would be, to invent one; not for the purposes of police (they are far above such sordid Jesuitism), but as the solution of the otherwise hopeless enigma of our spiritual nature. Science takes cognisance of all phenomena; and this apparently ineradicable tendency of the human mind is a phenomenon like the rest. The thoroughgoing Materialist, of course, escapes all these philosophical exigencies; but he does it by denying Humanity as well as God, and reducing the difference between the organism of the human animal and that of any other animal to a mere question of complexity. Still, even in this quarter, there has appeared of late a disposition to make concessions on the subject of human volition hardly consistent with Materialism. Nothing can be more likely than that the impetus of great discoveries has carried the discoverers too far.

Perhaps with the promptings of the religious sentiment there is combined a sense of the immediate danger with which the failure of the religious sanction threatens social order and morality. As we have said already, the men of whom we specially speak are far above anything like social Jesuitism. We have not a doubt but they would regard with abhorrence any schemes of oligarchic illuminism for guarding the pleasures of the few by politic deception of the multitude. But they have probably begun to lay to heart the fact that the existing morality, though not dependent on any special theology, any special view of the relations between soul and body, or any special theory of future rewards and punishments, is largely dependent on a belief in the indefeasible authority of conscience, and in that without which conscience can have no indefeasible authority—the presence of a just and all-seeing God. It may be true that in primeval society these

beliefs are found only in the most rudimentary form, and, as social sanctions, are very inferior in force to mere gregarious instincts or the pressure of tribal need. But man emerges from the primeval state, and when he does, he demands a reason for his submission to moral law. That the leaders of the anti-theological movement in the present day are immoral, nobody but the most besotted fanatic would insinuate; no candid antagonist would deny that some of them are in every respect the very best of men. The fearless love of truth is usually accompanied by other high qualities, and nothing could be more unlikely than that natures disposed to virtue, trained under good influences, peculiarly sensitive to opinion and guarded by intellectual tastes, would lapse into vice as soon as the traditional sanction was removed. But what is to prevent the withdrawal of the traditional sanction from producing its natural effect upon the morality of the mass of mankind? The commercial swindler or the political sharper, when the divine authority of conscience is gone, will feel that he has only the opinion of society to reckon with, and he knows how to reckon with the opinion of society. If Macbeth is ready, provided he can succeed in this world, to "jump the life to come," much more ready will villainy be to "jump" the bad consequences of its actions to humanity when its own conscious existence shall have closed. Rate the practical effect of religious beliefs as low and that of social influences as high as you may, there can surely be no doubt that morality has received some support from the authority of an inward monitor regarded as the voice of God. The worst of men would have wished to die the death of the righteous; he would have been glad, if he could, when death approached, to cancel his crimes; and the conviction, or misgiving, which this implied, could not fail to have some influence upon the generality of mankind, though no doubt the influence was weakened

rather than strengthened by the extravagant and incredible form in which the doctrine of future retribution was presented by the dominant theology.

The denial of the existence of God and of a future state, in a word, is the dethronement of conscience; and society will pass, to say the least, through a dangerous interval before social science can fill the vacant throne. Avowed scepticism is likely to be disinterested and therefore to be moral; it is among the unavowed sceptics and conformists to political religions that the consequences of the change may be expected to appear. But more than this, the doctrines of Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest are beginning to generate a morality of their own, with the inevitable corollary that the proof of superior fitness is to survive—to survive either by force or cunning, like the other animals which by dint of force or cunning have come out victorious from the universal war and asserted for themselves a place in nature. The "irrepressible struggle for empire" is formally put forward by public writers of the highest class as the basis and the rule of the conduct of this country towards other nations; and we may be sure that there is not an entire absence of connection between the private code of a school and its international conceptions. The feeling that success covers everything seems to be gaining ground, and to be overcoming, not merely the old conventional rules of honour, but moral principle itself. Both in public and private there are symptoms of an approaching failure of the motive power which has hitherto sustained men both in self-sacrificing effort and in courageous protest against wrong, though as yet we are only at the threshold of the great change, and established sentiment long survives, in the masses, that which originally gave it birth. Renan says, probably with truth, that had the Second Empire remained at peace, it might have gone on for ever; and in the history of this country the connection between politi-

cal effort and religion has been so close that its dissolution, to say the least, can hardly fail to produce a critical change in the character of the nation. The time may come, when, as philosophers triumphantly predict, men, under the ascendancy of science, will act for the common good, with the same mechanical certainty as bees; though the common good of the human hive would perhaps not be easy to define. But in the meantime mankind, or some portions of it, may be in danger of an anarchy of self-interest, compressed for the purpose of political order, by a despotism of force.

That science and criticism, acting—thanks to the liberty of opinion won by political effort—with a freedom never known before, have delivered us from a mass of dark and degrading superstitions, we own with heartfelt thankfulness to the deliverers, and in the firm conviction that the removal of false beliefs, and of the authorities or institutions founded on them, cannot prove in the end anything but a blessing to mankind. But at the same time the foundations of general morality have inevitably been shaken, and a crisis has been brought on the gravity of which nobody can fail to see, and nobody but a fanatic of Materialism can see without the most serious misgiving.

There has been nothing in the history of man like the present situation. The decadence of the ancient mythologies is very far from affording a parallel. The connection of those mythologies with morality was comparatively slight. Dull and half-animal minds would hardly be conscious of the change which was partly veiled from them by the continuance of ritual and state creeds; while in the minds of Plato and Marcus Aurelius it made place for the development of a moral religion. The Reformation was a tremendous earthquake: it shook down the fabric of mediæval religion, and as a consequence of the disturbance in the religious sphere filled the world with revolutions and wars. But it left the authority of the Bible unshaken, and men might feel that the destructive process had its limit, and that adamant was still beneath their feet. But a world which is intellectual and keenly alive to the significance of these questions, reading all that is written about them with almost passionate avidity, finds itself brought to a crisis the character of which any one may realize by distinctly presenting to himself the idea of existence without a God.

GOLDWIN SMITH.



## SEBASTIAN.

## CHAPTER I.

## MONKSDEAN.

THERE is on the southern coast a little church in which the last "Amen" of Sunday prayer has long ago been said.

Tired apparently of witnessing so many burials around it, it has decided to bury itself, and has accordingly interred its greater part very decently and comfortably under its own rich growth of ivy, woodbine, and moss.

All around is wild, except the little churchyard—"God's acre" in less than a rood—which gleams with new white crosses, and glows with flowers—not wild, but garden flowers, flourishing gaily.

The resting-places of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" are quite put out of sight by these newer graves. At first the great brightness which seems the law of the place, even to the breast of the robin on the gray roof, to the gold bronze on the fallen leaf, appears unnatural to such a spot. But as the ages on the tombstones become apparent one by one, showing that those who lie beneath have all perished in youth, most of them in very early youth, one grows glad at finding this little garden of death made so sweet and fair for them.

They are those who, sinking into consumption, had been brought in forlorn hope to the town a few miles off; the soft air of which gives new health to some, or to the dying easier death.

They lie there among myrtles and roses, ivy and mignonette, and tender words graven on stones, and crosses white as their own purity.

Seldom are they alone. No sunny day can come—and frequent are the sunny days here the whole year round—but the old sexton is at the gate, on the watch for visitors; and cheer-

fully garrulous old ladies and knapsacked young tourists are sketching from the favourite points of view. Many a young couple from the town hard by, trying to look as if their honeymoon had waned time out of mind, yet showing its newness in their every glance, grow grave in this assemblage of youthful sleepers.

The church doors are open; the sun shines in, lighting the worn stone threshold and the rotten high-backed seats. Dazzlingly the white crosses shine: warmly the flowers glow and breathe. Across the great sea come the breeze and the sunshine, wrapping the little spot around like the spirit of eternal life, banishing every thought of gloom, and seeming to say triumphantly to death, "*You laid these children here; but they are mine for ever now.*"

And the same breeze, rushing into the little open church, wakes no other echo there than the last words of Sunday prayer, "*Evermore. Amen.*"

But it was long before that young company had come to rest in the little churchyard, with their gay flowers and white crosses; long before the old bell had given up summoning the little congregation to Sunday service; that the childish feet, whose wanderings make the subject of this story, had helped to wear that hollow in the stone at the threshold.

In the days while yet "the rude forefathers" had the little churchyard to themselves, the Reverend Amos Gould was rector of Monksdean.

Amos, unlike his namesake the herdsman of Tekoah, was not inspired by the beauty of the scenes in which his lines had fallen.

Not merely did he find no comfort or refreshment in them, he scarcely even observed them.

As for the wonderful village street, which was more like a chamber prepared for some sylvan festival than the scene of everyday rustic life, he only knew that the people in it were a hard-headed, close-fisted community, who thought it a sign of British independence to resist clerical dictation as much as possible.

The stories about the church when it belonged to the Norman monastery brought the sexton an annual harvest of sixpences and shillings, but had not the faintest interest for Amos Gould.

How *could* he care, he would ask, with his look of gentle, frank protest, to hear of these old Norman monks? Was it not more than enough for him to know they had been so clumsy as to let the deeds belonging to this unlucky little church be burnt at their monastery during the Civil War, and so had lost its tithes for ever?

Then there was the well in the churchyard, the famous old well of Saint Anselm, with its crumbling carved archway, of which antiquaries told the rector he ought to be so proud.

This, he owned, might have been interesting enough in its day. Pilgrims innumerable came then to prove its healing powers, and left their fees for the priest on its sacred stone. But now that there was never anything but moss upon the stone, he could not pretend to see any charm about it; neither could he in the battered countenance of the saint, or in the time-pitted cherubim surrounding it.

Yet it would be erroneous to suppose that Amos Gould was a malcontent or a grumbler. No man was ever further than he from being either. He merely owned these things in his gentle sincerity of heart when congratulated on pleasures he could not enjoy.

In the same way, when London clergymen declared he ought to be above all the ordinary troubles of householders in so perfect a rectory, he mildly mentioned the slight draw-

backs of smoking chimneys, draughts, and want of space.

He was often told that such a boundary line as that made by the gently-swelling downs on one side and the sea on the other, should of itself make Monksdean a sort of paradise. But when even such a boundary is as a typical prison wall closing round a man's prospects, and shutting him in to a life of hard work and one hundred pounds a year, no wonder the eye should weary of beholding it, the head grow sick, "the whole heart faint."

The neighbouring clergy had a half-pitying way of speaking of him as "little Amos," alluding rather to the general smallness of his life, means, and aims, than to his person, which was but slightly below middle height, and somewhat thick set.

His face was pale and inclining to puffiness, his hair black, rather low on the forehead, and growing in a thick even border round his cheeks and chin. His mouth was well formed, and had an air of quiet sociability. His eyes were dark, comely, and calm. They were always grave, though seldom sad; frank, but seldom trustful. When the rest of the face smiled, the eyes were still grave; when they had to look on great sorrow, they were still calm.

Little Amos lived on a sort of dead level of resignation. He kept the eyes of his spirit looking steadily before him, never letting them look despairingly down or hopefully upwards. When he said he "hoped" he meant that he expected, for expectation was the only form of hope in which he indulged.

On this matter, as on most other matters, Mrs. Gould and himself were of one mind.

She was one of the few possessions on which his friends did *not* congratulate him; and the only one, perhaps, on which he could have well borne much congratulation.

He had first come to take charge of the parish in the illness and absence of the rector. In all parish matters,

about which he wrote to the rector, Amos was referred to "Miss Langworthy and my daughters." As the eldest of these last-mentioned young ladies was but sixteen, and had eyes that seemed to Amos to have a way of making him lose the sense of whatever she said to him, he preferred always to consult Miss Langworthy. Her clear brown eyes assisted rather than hindered his comprehension. She was governess to the rector's family, and was held in much esteem, being a lady of good birth, and having met with the trial of losing a comfortable fortune.

Miss Langworthy was tall and large, though thin. She had red hair and light brown eyes. They were not handsome eyes, being small, poor in colour, and having scarcely perceptible lashes and brows, but they had a look of keen discernment and clear intelligence.

When it was seen that Mr. Gould walked about so much with Miss Langworthy, and paid so many visits to the rectory, though such visits and walks were believed to be necessary, yet another motive than parish work was assigned for these things. A grave young bachelor parson like Amos Gould and a young lady of good family, education, and taste for parish work,—what better materials could the gossips of Monksdean want to begin with? Miss Langworthy, as a matter of course, was joked on the subject; but though she might, perhaps, be betrayed into a slight blush, she always had ready the answer that what *she* did in the parish she did from simple duty, and she was sure it was the same with Mr. Gould.

Miss Langworthy, however, was too highly conscientious a person to disguise from herself certain signs that seemed to show gossips *might* for once be right. It was certainly clear to her that Mr. Gould came to the rectory to ask some questions which might have been as easily answered by the schoolmistress or sexton as herself. Therefore, as a truthful-

minded person, she was obliged to confess to herself he liked visiting at the rectory. Then, too, she could but notice he invariably stayed longer if she happened to be alone when he called. If she sent her eldest charge, Lillian Armytage, he would be sure to ask to see Miss Langworthy. When Mr. Gould met them out, and accompanied them a short or long way in their walk, he always walked at her side. Partly in prudence, considering that this might perhaps be observed by others as well as herself, and partly from a little natural womanly curiosity, Miss Langworthy would on some pretext or other manage to change her position. Mr. Gould, without the least idea she had any intention for doing so, would, before traversing many yards, contrive to change his, and so place them in the same order as before. Did he know that doing this caused a slight red to tinge Miss Langworthy's cheek, up to which the top of his hat just reached? No one could answer that question, for Amos Gould's heart was a parish mystery in those days. Miss Langworthy had too much sense and good taste to try to precipitate any possible intentions Mr. Gould might have concerning her. She went about her work in the village not with that feverish restlessness of some young ladies having hopes similar to her own, but with quiet assiduity that won Mr. Gould's admiration—an admiration which he very openly expressed, too openly perhaps to give her much pleasure.

Miss Langworthy was too shrewd a woman not to see a dim possibility of her pretty pupil Lillian being the attraction that brought Mr. Gould so often near them. She had very carefully watched, and not only had seen the signs already mentioned, denoting as she considered a clear preference for herself, but had seen also that Mr. Gould hardly ever glanced at Lillian, though she, like many other girls of her age Miss Langworthy had known, had what she

thought a silly, tongue-tied, blushing manner whenever Mr. Gould came near, while ordinarily she was a very intelligent, studious, and thoughtful girl.

Yet, though gifted with uncommon penetration, was Miss Langworthy all this time, and indeed all her life, utterly ignorant of a little story going on just then under her very eyes, proving that whether Love is blind himself or not, he is certainly very clever at blinding those near whom he comes, and whom he finds inconveniently in his way.

Amos *did* remain longer at the rectory when Miss Langworthy was alone. As a naturally observant person she could but notice it. She must have been supernaturally observant to know the real reason for this, that he remained merely because he could not tear himself away while there was yet a chance of hearing a light step coming—a chance of seeing a girl's form, innocent face, and drooping hair, entering at the black oak-door like spring through wintry woods. Then Miss Langworthy might talk on of driest parish matters as the slim student sat at her book by the table, her little hand covering the cheek nearest Amos, her glistening curls drooping his way, concealing all but an eyelash that, whenever he spoke, quivered or lay deathly still. Miss Langworthy might talk, and Amos listen and reply, but he was in a world above and beyond parishes. Eden was recreated in the little room, and Adam again woke from the "deep sleep" and looked on Eve.

One day Miss Langworthy was called out of the room for a few minutes. There was surely no harm in the eyes of Amos turning so eagerly to take in all they could in that brief interval. He could not pain her by doing so, because her face was turned away, and hidden by her curls and supporting hand. And yet he wondered, if she did not guess anything of his gaze, why was it that the curtain of curls drooped lower, and that there was fluttering enough under

them to dislodge from the holland bodice a spray of cluster roses that fell upon her open book? Why? indeed: a question to keep him dreaming many a day and wakeful many a night. If only now he could see the dear face itself, from what blunders he might be saved! He might see it only studious and puzzled over the lesson, almost unconscious of his presence. What folly such a glimpse might spare him!

Making his voice as cold and unconcerned as possible, he said—

"What pretty roses! May I beg for one?"

The sweet voice, cold as his own, answered him—

"Oh, certainly!"

And while one little hand offered the spray, the other held back the curls, and the face looked out at him. No archness or coquetry was in it. Better for Amos that there should have been; better anything for poor Amos than the reluctance to look—the crimson cheeks, the eyes drooping before the adoration of his own.

The rustle of a silk gown in the passage, the opening of a door, the glance of calm brown eyes, and Amos has suddenly fallen from Eden back into—a parish.

Miss Langworthy looked at Amos, at Lillian, and the roses. She knew where they had been; she saw clearly they had changed places. But at her glance Lillian's curls were tossed back carelessly, and she said with apparent unconcern—and she *was* unconcerned as to her governess's looks—

"Can we get down some more of these cluster roses, Miss Langworthy? Mr. Gould admires them so much."

Miss Langworthy was satisfied, and never gave the matter another thought.

No spray of July roses, however, dropped from their place against a maiden's throbbing heart; but that far more sensible and useful institution, a parish soup-kitchen, was destined to change the course of Amos Gould's bachelor life.

A day or two after he had gone home to his lodging over the post-office with the roses in his hand, he heard something that made him resolve never to spend another moment near Lillian more than necessity might compel him. She was not positively engaged, he discovered, but under such a promise concerning Mr. Dowdeswell, her father's patron, the Manchester manufacturer and owner of Combe Park, that she could not honourably break, as it was to hold good till at least the end of the year. Perhaps had Amos seen some more doubt in her mind at first, his sense of honour might not have made him look on the tacit engagement as sacredly as he did, in spite of Dowdeswell's wealth and his own poor prospects in comparison.

But he could not mistake the tender and pathetic "No" that had been in her whole manner to him from first to last, showing him her wish was not to break faith with her father even though she could not completely hide her girlish love from Amos.

Amos no sooner understood the position than he determined to help the brave and tender heart in its struggle.

After a few days he appeared at the rectory, pale, subdued, but cheerful, and saw Miss Langworthy. He told her that in answering the rector's inquiries concerning his family, he had felt it necessary to say, that as he did not think Miss Lillian looking so well lately, he strongly advised her father to send for her that she might pass the rest of the summer with him.

He saw no more of Lillian till the morning Miss Langworthy was to take her to where her father would meet her. Amos walked with them to the coach, talking all the way of Miss Langworthy's scheme of getting up a blanket club for the winter. When he had assisted her into the coach, he took Lillian's hand and held it with a firm kindness that gave her courage to look at him. He wished her to do so, for it seemed due to him she should know his pain and yet his strength.

But he had to mind both tone and words, for Miss Langworthy's eyes were on them.

"If I have taken too great a liberty in writing to your father as I did, I hope I am forgiven."

She scarcely let her eyes meet his, but allowed her fingers to tighten round his like a frightened child clinging to a greater strength than her own. Three little sentences, each in a sort of sigh, came from her.

"It was very good of you—I am so pleased to go. Good-bye."

And so the rose era was over, and that of the soup-kitchen began.

Miss Langworthy, after remaining with Lillian a few days, came back to her younger charges at the rectory. She seemed more bright and energetic than ever, and Amos was so thankful for her return that she quite blushed at his welcome. All with him was to be subservient to "parish" now, and he was truly glad to have back in the village one who talked of nothing else, and this wonderfully helped him in forgetting the rose-dream and coming back to reality.

In the meantime he was quite unconscious of the gossip about himself in connection with Miss Langworthy, and felt as safe in talking to her as he did in chatting to the village post-mistress. While nothing changed his natural fixed reserve, he became more parochially friendly with her each day, and called her, with grave jocularly, his "rural dean."

In the autumn, when Lillian's father died, Mr. Dowdeswell presented Amos to the living of Monksdean. The orphans and Miss Langworthy stayed on at the rectory till the middle of November, and then it was that Amos became aware of the position in which his acceptance of Miss Langworthy's help had placed him.

The weather being severe, Miss Langworthy had, assisted by Amos and Mr. Dowdeswell, established a soup-kitchen. On the first morning that the little crowd of jug-bearers assembled at the door of the rectory



scullery, Amos made his way through them, commenting pleasantly on the excellent odour of the soup-steam issuing from the open door out into the frosty air.

On entering he found Miss Langworthy standing by the copper with a huge soup-ladle in her hand. She was equipped from chin to foot in an apron of what seemed to Amos coarse kitchen towelling, and wore sleeves of the same material up to her elbows. Amos smiled; the sight gratified his parochial mind, just as a well-appointed hearse or any other parish matter admirably conducted might have done. He smiled with such full approbation that Miss Langworthy blushed. The steam prevented Amos from seeing the blush, or he would probably not have remarked in so calm and matter-of-fact a manner, or indeed in any manner at all, she managed these things so well that she ought to be a clergyman's wife.

Miss Langworthy had naturally a steady hand, but the soup-ladle certainly trembled slightly as she lowered it into the copper. She wished to make no possible mistake, but it really seemed to her that the all-important moment of her life had arrived. Amos Gould had smiled on her as she had never seen him smile on any other woman. He had here, in his own back kitchen, spoken of her fitness for becoming a clergyman's wife. Surely, she thought, she might trust her own instincts; surely that which all the parish had so long expected had really come to pass. But, with her usual caution, she felt that perhaps she was a little too perturbed to be able to estimate his words and manner just then—she must wait for what would follow.

Amos, innocent as the smallest child with its broken mug waiting outside, took the vessel presented him by one of the foremost old women at the door and placed it on the edge of the copper. As good or evil fate would have it, it happened to be a brown and

yellow jug, illustrating the story of Boaz and Ruth. Miss Langworthy instantly saw it, and asked herself why should he have chosen to take that jug first, from all waiting to thrust theirs into his hand? She filled it, while Amos stood eyeing the figures on it with slow curiosity. Having just come to a knowledge of what it was intended to represent, and feeling rather proud of his discovery as Miss Langworthy filled and gave it to him, he held it up before her with a grave smile, saying—

"I don't think you observed the picture."

To his amazement a voice full of agitation replied—

"Yes; but pray say no more just now, Mr. Gould."

Amos handed the old woman her soup, and passed on the other jugs in silence, which was perhaps scarcely what he would have done had he considered coolly as he could wish. For some time he looked perplexed and troubled, as the absurd sense of the blunder dawned upon him.

He escaped as soon as possible from the soup-kitchen, but from its results he was not to escape. On his way up the lane, he met some one who asked him when he intended to take possession of the rectory. Amos told him the late rector's family and Miss Langworthy would be leaving in a week, and that then, as there was an arrangement for the furniture remaining as it was, he could enter immediately.

"I suppose *she* will not be long away?" said his neighbour.

Amos asked why? in real perplexity. What could he mean, Amos wondered, since *he* could not have known of the Boaz and Ruth jug? His friend, however, laughed as he turned in at his own gate, and with a parting wave of the hand answered—

"Oh, don't you suppose we have seen it all from the first?"

Amos was an obstinate man when he chose to be, but he was a most temperate-minded and considerate man.

So far as village gossips were concerned, he would have steadily maintained his own course and calmly defied their censure. But his whole life and his whole mind being now devoted to his work, whatever might seem likely to help that work was to be seriously considered and not hastily dismissed, even if he felt inclined to dismiss it. He was a just man too, and he questioned himself very closely as to whether so freely accepting Miss Langworthy's help, and even advice, he had not perhaps led her to think more than he intended.

He thought of little else all day. In the evening, as he was packing some of his books, he read in a little old, old volume these words—

"No memorie liveth in the hearte so long or so sweetlie as that of a love slayne bye honour. The flowers of Maie repeat to us the storie, the loste delite. The birds sing of it, and if our teares starte with their first notes at morning and our sighs rise with the flowers' odours, such teares and sighs are but as dewes and breathes from heaven, wherein was laid up for us the soule of that slayne love."

"Trash!" said Amos, flinging the book away angrily. "The idiot that wrote that had nothing to do but scribble." And he said to himself, as he rose and laid on the fire a withered little spray, that, had the writer of the offending paragraph a parish to work, he would have known he must crush the flower under his feet that reminded him of such a love, and wring the bird's neck rather than endure the anguish of having "the lost delite" recalled. Somehow this little passage had more to do in determining him to ask Miss Langworthy to be his wife than anything else, for it showed him how entirely he must shut out, if he would live and work at all, his brief, ethereal, dreamy, but all too exquisite romance of the rose.

So he went to see Miss Langworthy that same evening, proposed, and was accepted.

## CHAPTER II.

### SEBASTIAN.

HAD the parish of Monksdean been as richly endowed ecclesiastically as it was naturally, the hopes and fears on which Sebastian's character was founded would never have had existence. His story might have remained as silent and unnoticed as any pebble on the beach at the foot of that sandy little lane where he was born.

But the church which stood at the top of that same lane was poor in all but antiquity, legends, and beautiful surroundings.

In these things it was as rich as a little old English church could be.

Unblemished by improvements, all in its cold Norman simplicity, it stood, reflecting flashes of sea on its small southern windows, and on those looking westward waving foliage.

Time had been so generous and tender in his usage, one might imagine this to be his own parish church, and that he had a special regard for it on that account. For every thing that he defaced he brought ample compensation in the form of emerald masses and treasures that could only be from his hand.

The little churchyard, sloping down seaward, teemed with this same patron's favours, and, when once inside the tiny gate, one felt it must take hours to see half the rich and curious things with which he had stored it. Even the white fan-tail pigeons that haunted it for the seed of sundry trees, added to its air of age and quaintness, for they seemed to have retained the dazzling purity of primeval snows. One could half fancy they had trailed those white feathers on the velvet turf of Eden, had fed from the first woman's hand when it was spotless as themselves, and that at the fall they had taken too distant a flight heavenwards to come under the ban of sin and death.

The peaceful little nook was shaded

airily by groups of the trees peculiar to that part of the coast.

Though no veterans of the forest could have a more aged and venerable appearance than the trunks and lower branches of these old oaks and elms, they are so small that at first they look like young trees. It is the little boughs that rise from them like children upborne on shoulders bent with years that have the wonderful freshness and delicacy of foliage, which is the great charm of Monksdean.

It canopies the village street which lies up round the church corner. Smithy, thatched houses, the general shop on one side, and trim pond and Mr. Dowdeswell's park railings on the other, all lie under this dainty green veil. About the rectory the wood is a little more dense, though the house is lower down the sea lane than the church, and on the opposite side.

It is built simply, of limestone, and stands very quaintly on its little shelf on the woody hill-side. Rude steps in the cliff lead up to it. The four acres of glebe-land lie behind it.

Without this, which he managed by the aid of one stout Hampshire man, little Amos would have been at his wits' end to provide for the five little mouths that, after the first seven years of his marriage, expected filling with remorseless regularity.

At the time of their starting together in life, Mr. and Mrs. Gould had already passed through such experiences as made them decide to look forward to nothing in the future but what might be calmly and reasonably expected.

Both felt there was one sorrow to be dreaded by them beyond all other sorrows, and that was disappointment. Hope, therefore, was to be the forbidden fruit in their cold Eden of resignation.

Two years passed without any tempter appearing to try the strength of their resolve.

In that time a strong little girl—a muscular Christian, like her mother—was born at Monksdean rectory.

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But in the third year came the little Sebastian.

Then it was that the mother, in her weakness, and in her joy at having a little man on her arm, allowed herself to taste of the forbidden tree, hope, "and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

Her temptation came in this manner. On the third day after her boy's birth she lay thinking of her broken-off household duties, and planning economies to atone for extra expenses involved by the new arrival.

The May afternoon was warm and still. Boughs of the China rose-tree waved about the half-curtained window with clusters of green buds that seemed peering in curiously for a glimpse of their human brother-bud, wrapped in flannel on Mrs. Gould's large arm.

The weather-vane of the church caught the sunlight, and glittered through the pale leaves. The bleating of lambs in fields close by, the chirping of callow birds in the old garden trees, blending with countless other sounds, made Sebastian the richest of afternoon lullabies. Altogether those sounds made such an anthem as that with which the Divine infant might have been greeted in his first spring on earth by the young things claiming kindred with Him through His infancy and helplessness.

The mother of Sebastian being weak, found her careful household schemes grow confused, and her mind resting dreamily in the sweet sights and sounds of the May afternoon.

It was then that there came to her suddenly, and by no process of thought that she could remember, a thrill of hope as to a new future to be made for her by this little child.

The suddenness, the intensity, and the new and exquisite delight of the feeling so moved her that she became shaken by sobs, and her eyes overflowed.

She heard at that moment a step plodding up the stairs, and tried hard to calm herself before it reached her door.

But the door opened on all her weakness, and the grave eyes of little Amos grew graver as they beheld her. The broad form came with unwonted haste across the room.

"My dear Helen, are you not so well?"

It was quite useless trying now to hide from him the cause of her emotion. She had not the strength to dissemble.

Taking Sebastian's fist (about the size and tint of a newly-hatched pigeon), she laid it with a great deal of strange significance, which he utterly failed to understand, in the hand of Amos, and spoke to him with a fresh rush of tears and an almost child-like appeal for credence in her voice.

"My dear," she said, "this little man is to alter everything for us. I have really, Amos, had a sort of revelation about him. Yes, he is to be a great blessing to us, and to change everything for us some day. I *know* it. I am sure of it."

Had such a statement come from any other creature in the world, Amos would have smiled in his own quiet way and passed it by as one of those pleasant delusions with which he had determined to have nothing to do.

From Helen Gould, out of whose lips he had been used to hear nothing but purest truisms, it came at least startlingly.

He looked at her in much bewilderment. Tears were strange to Helen's eyes, and these joyful smiles stranger still to her lips. Little Amos found her emotion contagious.

He had much greater faith in her intellect and strength of mind than his own, and felt quite sure that what she said, however surprising, must have some sound meaning in it.

Since, too, there was such deep mystery in the relationship of this mother and this small new creature at her side, who could presume to say, Amos asked himself, just where such mystery ended? Why should she *not* have been given some insight as to its destiny?

He stood looking down on the poor face lit by the one solitary ray of hope he had ever seen there. It seemed to him cruel to shut his heart and mind against her one prophecy. Why should he?

So he did not shut his heart, but, like Jacob at the sight of the waggons from the land of Goshen, opened it to the dream of precious promise, and, like Jacob's, his spirit revived.

Amos stooped and kissed Sebastian's mother with a look of belief more solemn and glad than he was aware.

When thoroughly matter-of-fact, unimaginative, people once admit such an idea into their minds as this with which the parents of Sebastian had become possessed, it is hardly a matter of wonder that it should become like a reality to them, so used to admit nothing but realities.

If an actual and visible messenger from Heaven had come with an account of Sebastian's mission upon earth, it could scarcely have been regarded as a stronger certainty than it was from that hour.

The two bent over the child, smiling to see him grasp his father's finger as tenaciously as if he wished to express his readiness to hold fast whatever charge might be placed in his hands.

At that moment they little knew that of all the sharp arrows fate had in store for the bosom of the baby Sebastian, this supposed foresight concerning him was to prove cruellest, and pierce deepest.

### CHAPTER III.

#### SEBASTIAN'S MODEL.

THERE hung over Mrs. Gould's mantelpiece a portrait of a certain church dignitary of commanding and august countenance. For the original of this picture, Mrs. Gould had an esteem and admiration that rose as nearly to enthusiasm as her nature could approach.

As it was believed, by most who knew him, that the great man had

reached his present position by his own powerful exertions, and as Mrs. Gould knew he had come into the world as poor as Sebastian himself, there can be no doubt that the contemplation of the picture had had some share in bringing about her prophetic inspiration concerning her boy's future.

Though she had herself no idea of this, but firmly believed her sudden hopefulness to have been a superhuman foresight, the determination to make Sebastian follow as nearly as possible in the great man's footsteps, was in her mind and heart from the moment of her dream. It therefore seemed to her, as she informed Amos, that she had been divinely instructed to make their dear and honoured friend, Prebendary Jellicoe, Sebastian's model.

But Amos had his own opinion on this point. Perhaps his imagination, never very elastic, had been stretched to its utmost to take in the idea of his wife's prophecy in its first stage. He could not quite bring himself to believe that the huge gouty limbs and port wine-tinted face of the prebendary played any part in that sweet and solemn moment when his wife poured out her words of hope with tears and trembling, as if a mighty tender voice had just breathed them in her ear.

Amos, therefore, though he said nothing, did not believe the prebendary to have been specially intended by Providence as Sebastian's exemplar and guide. Perhaps his admiration for the great man was not so profound as his wife's. However, he could not be blind as to his success, and knowing Mrs. Gould would not abandon her idea without losing her hope as to Sebastian's future, he fell into her plans, casting away his own misgivings, and trying to see things as she, with her superior judgment, saw them.

Her little girl being so tall and strong for her age made her confident that Sebastian would be of stature as colossal and constitution as sound as the prebendary.

He was to have a hardy training, and to be made feel his responsibilities as the future backbone of the family at as early an age as possible.

Amos had his doubts as to whether the child was nearly so large and strong as his sister had been at his age; but his wife declared she saw in him every sign of a fine constitution.

The first thing to be done was to write and request the honour of the prebendary becoming godfather to the child, who already bore his Christian name by anticipation.

In two days came a gracious consent, which was received by Mrs. Gould with unbounded pride and pleasure.

There was, however, one drawback to the pleasure with which it was received at the rectory. The prebendary had just consented to a similar entreaty from the parents of a little newborn cousin of Sebastian's, so there would be two Sebastian Goulds in the family. At first this was felt to be annoying; but Mrs. Gould soon assured herself, and then Amos, that the other Sebastian would be a mere nobody; and that it was unreasonable to grudge him the honour of bearing the name of such a cousin as her own Sebastian.

"Even if I had not this feeling about the child," she said, "I really don't see how he could fail to make his way with such a friend as the dear bishop."

"Bishop Jellicoe" was the title by which the prebendary was most commonly designated, partly because the stall to which he had been appointed had once—when it was not quite without provender—been held by a bishop; and partly because he claimed the right, as senior clergyman in the diocese, to propose the bishop's health at visitation dinners, when he invariably took occasion to deliver his own "charge" to the clergy. But apart from all these smaller facts, Prebendary Jellicoe was declared by his admirers to be "every inch a bishop," in person, mind, and manners; and, to all gifted with powers to appreciate him "Bishop" he was, from the



moment he became prebendary, to the day of his lamented death.

"Don't you see, yourself," asked Mrs. Gould, rather impatient at her husband's silence, "that there could scarcely be a better chance for any young man than Sebastian will have if he makes himself cared for, as he ought and must, by his godfather?"

"Well, my dear," answered Amos, "*practically*, I suppose, that really is all the solid ground we have for these little feet to stand on. I suppose the bishop really will put something in his way at the right time—*when* that comes."

And Amos could not withhold a patient little sigh at the thought of how many years lay between this small Joseph and his prospective land of Goshen.

"He looks a perfect little clergyman already," declared Mrs. Gould, as if in reproach at the sigh.

"Rather uncanonical in the style of hair, isn't he?" asked Amos, smiling at Sebastian's bare pink head, turning its back energetically on all the world but that one thing in it which alone was of any importance to him just then—his mother.

"I do believe he has the bishop's own magnificent brow," she exclaimed, looking from Sebastian's forehead, crimped like a new chestnut leaf, to the portrait hanging over the mantel-piece.

The picture, of which the steel engraving in Mrs. Gould's room was a copy, was an oil-painting, representing a head and shoulders, very considerably larger than ordinary life-size. Yet it was generally acknowledged that the artist could not be said to have really departed from nature in this matter. The original of the portrait was so great a man physically, so much greater morally, and more great than all socially, that apparent exaggeration was perhaps the only means by which justice could be done in such a case.

The brow to which Mrs. Gould fancied her Sebastian's bore some

resemblance, projected much in several places, as if the great brain had needed more room than nature originally allowed it. The nose was decidedly Roman. Sebastian, at four years old, was irreverent enough to compare it with Mr. Punch's, for which his mother debarred him a whole week from contemplation of his model. If such an idea could possibly occur to the child, one would have thought that the severe dignity of the expression of the lips would have prevented utterance of it. Those lips, too, were large and full.

The eyes alone were small; but their look of profound absorption made them like no other eyes. Close, perhaps irreverent, observers, among whom Sebastian, at certain frivolous moments of his life, must be numbered, hinted that, in spite of their apparent absorption, the eyes were really watching very keenly for the slightest sign of disrespect in the beholder's face. At least, such was the expression they said the artist had caught.

Amos failed to see the slightest likeness between the bishop and Sebastian; and he had an absurdly unreasonable sort of foreboding wonder whether there might not be as great a difference in their characters and lives as in their faces.

Sebastian's education was, of course, to be undertaken by his father, till he should be ready to go to college; for the expenses of which every penny that could be saved from the house-keeping allowance, was to be stored up thenceforth.

Amos was naturally somewhat nervous about his task; and the correspondence between Mrs. Gould and the prebendary, upon the subject, did not tend to make his mind easier.

He was considerably dismayed, when, in answer to Mrs. Gould's entreaties for advice, their learned friend sent particulars of his own early progress.

He had lisped Latin quite as soon as he lisped English. At three years

old he could read some words in Cæsar, and at five he could read the text throughout better than that of an English lesson-book. He began Latin grammar at the same time as the English, a plan that he decidedly advised to be adopted with regard to Sebastian, leaving its more abstruse rules to be mastered afterwards through translation. At eight years of age he had finished Cæsar and commenced Ovid. Then Greek was undertaken, first the grammar, and then Xenophon's *Anabasis*; from which point the prebendary's progress was marvellously rapid.

But it was enough for Amos to realise what he had to undertake for Sebastian in his earlier years without looking beyond. He had been habituated by his wife to believe almost anything as to the prebendary's mental powers; but when he glanced from the prodigious slippers kept in the corner of the dining-room, in readiness for the visits, "few and far between," of the great man, he could not help asking himself was it possible those tiny feet, now in the wool shoes of pink and white, could ever follow in the prebendary's huge educational strides?

But any doubts and fears that may have existed were only like slight specks in the sky of the future, which the coming of Sebastian's little pink face had made all rosy.

Even the thought of his great task soon began to give Amos pleasure as well as anxiety, and a sense of self-importance that enriched his dull life wonderfully.

His night's rest after his toilsome day was usually deep and dreamless. Now the remembrance of his responsibilities often kept him wakeful till chanticleer's voice startled and set screaming the little hero of the house.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE PREBENDARY'S LETTER.

A YEAR passed, and showed Sebastian's first failure in treading in his god-

father's footsteps; for not only was it impossible to make him lisp in Latin, but he would not lisp at all.

At two years old he began to converse with much fluency and self-satisfaction, but in an entirely new and unknown tongue; declining to repeat any words in which it was attempted to instruct him, either Latin or English.

The only way in which he showed any intelligence was the energy with which he tried to make the acquaintance of every living thing that came in his way. Every fresh face appeared to excite his interest and pleasure; and he would smile and crow at it as if it gave him surprise and delight to find the world so full of people. His face would look deplorably stupid and miserable when his father or mother tried patiently to make him repeat some simple word, such as *dog* or *cat*. But if either of these animals entered the room during the lesson, his little hands were outstretched towards it, and he would address it with a flood of eloquence incomprehensible but for the love that lit his face.

It seemed to Amos that there was something approaching to obstinacy in the way Sebastian, even in his babyhood, opposed their plans, and appeared to maintain that to make himself at home in the world was quite enough for him to do as yet.

At three years old the only advance he could be said to have made in his education was simplifying the alphabet for his own study by calling every letter *a* or *b*. And to this he kept with a patient and serene obstinacy that neither coaxing nor slapping could conquer.

At five, Cæsar was still on the shelf unthumbed, Sebastian being only able by deep study, and by the aid of highly-coloured prints, to spell out the tragedy of Cock Robin.

At six, not only was he a dunce, but so weak and small and soft of frame that his stalwart baby-sister, born three years after him, had merely to run at him to lay Sebastian helpless

on the ground. His backbone was not particularly strong even for its own natural wear and tear, but was most unsatisfactory when considered as the family support.

His mother tried her best to render his appearance less infantine. Never were limbs so babyish encased in garments so manly, or fresh, flaxen curls so severely sheared.

But it was all labour in vain. The shearing left a soft yellow down that made Sebastian look like a tender, unfeathered fledgling turned prematurely out of its nest.

Fortunately for himself the child was blessed with a meek and quiet spirit, and never had a thought of murmuring at the severity with which he was treated.

He did not even know his life was a peculiarly hard one. Seeing his sisters allowed time to play and enjoy leisure and amusements denied to himself, he did once ask his mother why such a difference was made between them. When she told him sharply that it was because he was a boy—a little man—and that men must take great responsibilities on themselves, and learn to work very hard indeed, Sebastian murmured no more, but did his best in his own small way to act his part manfully.

His best, it is true, was very disappointing. Every one in the house knew that the rector spent more time over Sebastian's lessons than he gave to all his other children, but how much more still he devoted to the little dunce was known only to the teacher and pupil. They took long walks together, but of what had passed during those walks only a little book bulging Sebastian's pocket, and a look of graver perplexity on his father's face, gave any sign.

Sebastian bore the troubles and difficulties of his education with much fortitude. Sometimes he referred to them with a quaint, half-sad humour that made Amos smile in spite of himself. Once, when they were returning together from the village, they saw a

donkey tied by a rope that was fastened round a rock. Sebastian looked from it up to his father's face with a queer twinkle in his eye.

"Well," observed the rector, "What now?"

"He thinks if he keeps pulling he can move the rock," said Sebastian; "and I think if I keep on trying I can learn Latin. I wonder which of us will do what we want first!"

This dismayed Amos considerably, for in spite of the boy's inability to learn, he had some almost unconscious faith in his being wiser than he seemed, and it alarmed him to think Sebastian really felt his efforts to be as hopeless as the donkey's.

Sometimes his father, loth to keep the child in so many hours in the bright summer time, sent him out with his book to study it down at the end of the sandy lane. But here a crowd of fancies came into his mind bearing it far away from the little book in his hand. His thoughts, like little boats with "youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow," went sailing idly on over the great grey sea. Vainly he tried to call them back. Away and away they swam, dancing, drifting, dreaming.

The sandy lane itself was the spot that Sebastian all through his life loved more than any place in the world. As a child he used to think to himself that the break in the cliff here, whenever it happened, must have been welcome to both sea and country, for they seemed mutually brightened and benefited by each other's acquaintance.

At high tide the waves came crowding and leaping up the lane like children let out of a big school into a tiny playground. The trees, like children too, Sebastian thought, had met them as nearly as they might, but stood with arms stretched landwards as if ready for flight should the wild waves come too close.

Here, too, he often met with another hindrance than the sea and sandy lane,—one with whom Amos could not be very wrath. It was the child of Mr.

Frank Dowdeswell, of Coombe Park, where the white pigeons that haunted the churchyard had their abiding-place.

Three years after his own marriage Amos had had to stand within the altar rails and join the little hand that had clung to his at that parting at the coach to Dowdeswell's. Two more years and he had said over it, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," none guessing that in saying it of Lillian he said it also of his life's romance.

He had known that in dying she had given birth to a daughter, but had heard and thought little of her till there began to molest Sebastian in his beach solitude a brilliant little beauty of three years old. She seemed more like a little woman to Amos than a child, a sort of infant Cleopatra, possessing the love and joy of a cherub and the imperiousness of a queen, the fascination and tyranny of a consciously beautiful woman.

Sebastian was ever the object of Miss Dora Dowdeswell's search when her nurse brought her out, the object of her intense admiration, tyranny, and love. Her mind seemed as large, bold and strong as her person. Indeed her dauntless truthfulness on certain occasions proved embarrassing to Sebastian, whose timidity had taught him to temporise slightly, especially with regard to his mother, of whom he stood in much awe.

Mrs. Gould having her young children to manage with one maid-of-all-work, could spare but little time over her boy. It is doubtful, however, whether she would have done any more good than Amos, as what small powers of learning Sebastian had seemed lost or bewildered under his mother's tuition. Her temper, too, was naturally hasty, but, like every other fault she had, was kept in admirable subjection. If one person tried it more than another it was certainly Sebastian. For no one could deny that she was an admirable mother and wife, a very pattern (as Amos had prophesied in the soup-kitchen) of a clergyman's wife.

She enjoyed good health and equable spirits, and her management of her home was almost faultless. No meanness of dress or occupation could make her appear otherwise than perfectly ladylike and self-possessed. Yet she was often much tried in both these respects.

Her good taste was apparent throughout the house, though perhaps it might be said to be a little hard and cold, being due entirely to cultivation and not to instinct.

Her sketches in water-colours that decorated the little drawing-room had been much admired. She did her best to impart all her accomplishments to her children, putting a decided stop to any tendency to what she called extremes, by which she meant going further in any direction than she had been led by her own masters.

She was fond of music as a science, and was a most correct pianist. Nothing ever jarred all she had in the way of nerves so much as when her little Sebastian, to his own deep rapture, his ignorant fingers guided only by his tender little ear, first fumbled out the air of "Home, sweet home!"

Up to a certain time the prebendary was kept in ignorance of his godson's backwardness, but at last Mrs. Gould insisted on telling him, and asking his advice.

Sebastian himself took in the great blue letter that came in answer to his mother's, little knowing what hints for his own welfare it contained.

He noticed, however, that his mother after reading it handed it to his father, with an approving and emphatic nod.

Sebastian, while appearing to be absorbed in blowing his spoonful of hot bread and milk, watched his father attentively.

First, he saw his eyes grow very bright and surprised-looking. When he had read the letter he gave it back to Mrs. Gould, making no comment, and avoiding to meet her eye, by which Sebastian felt sure the contents of the letter were not at all pleasing to him.

It was from no vulgar curiosity that Sebastian longed so all that morning to know what was in his godfather's letter. Far more on his father's account than his own was he anxious about it, for it had evidently left Amos in a mood of unusual thoughtfulness and grave perplexity.

As the day was a holiday, all the young folks but Sebastian went off to the beach directly after breakfast. He was shut in the dining-room with three days' unlearned lessons, making good-humoured grimaces at his sisters, who laughed at him as they went by the window.

He had not been alone long before his eye, roving everywhere but on his books, detected the prebendary's letter.

Sebastian could scarcely read writing at that time, but he had so frequently been set by his mother to study and try to imitate his godfather's striking hand, that he had the provoking knowledge of being able to pick out a few words had the letter lain near him—had it been on the table instead of the mantelpiece.

Sebastian tried to take his thoughts off it, and to set to work at his lessons.

Suddenly, however, he discovered his slate-pencil wanted a finer point, and knowing there was a penknife on the mantelpiece, nothing could be more natural than that he should go and get it. Nor, when standing on the fender to reach it, with one hand holding the shelf, was it less natural that his eyes should glance admiringly over the bold characters he had been urged to imitate.

He was surprised to find how easily he could spell out the address and date—

“THE RECTORY,  
“STOWEY-CUM-PETHERTON,  
“May 18.”

And then—

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND.”

The next word he spelt out, in the middle of the page, and surrounded by Latin quotations, was “him.”

“That's me,” said Sebastian, with his usual disregard for grammar. “Now, if I could only see what about ‘him.’”

Sebastian fixed his attention on the three or four words preceding the one he had mastered, and which was the end of a sentence.

It would have done Mrs. Gould good to see the intelligence that lit Sebastian's face as the meaning of the sentence dawned upon him.

But it might not have been good either for her or Sebastian had she seen him spring from the fender to the middle of the hearth-rug, and stand there like a fierce little gladiator, with clenched fists, actually sparring at the portrait of his reverend godfather.

“A good whipping is evidently the only thing that will stir him,” wrote the prebendary; and had he seen how even the mention of it did stir Sebastian, he would not have been likely to regret the advice he had given.

But Sebastian did not remain long in an attitude of rage.

Calling to mind the manner in which this letter had been received by his mother soon changed his passion to piteous grief.

In spite of all her attempts at hardening him, Sebastian still in his little heart silently clung to her with the trust and fond dependence of a year-old baby.

As he sat down now on the stool near him, with his face full of shocked surprise, he looked less like a boy of six years than an infant whose hands had just been roughly beaten from their hold round the mother's neck. A nestling tumbled from its nest and huddled on the grass in the cold morning dew was not more piteous a sight.

When Sebastian's half-stunned little brain began to revive and think, the recollection of his father's evident displeasure at the prebendary's letter came to him.

Immediately his head rose, his face brightened, his eyes twinkled through



their tears with tender humour and pity.

"Poor papa!" he said; "he would have to do it. Poor little papa!"

How Sebastian came to apply the same epithet to Amos that was applied to him by nearly all who knew him, it is impossible to say; but this was not the first time he had done so.

When in church Amos was hot and nervous, or oppressed with the dullness of his own sermon, Sebastian would whisper to his sisters, "Poor little papa!" with the same queer twinkle in his loving eyes, while the rest of his face retained its ordinary church solemnity. Even when Amos felt the tide of his eloquence flowing more strongly than usual (as he did on certain rare occasions), and perhaps showed that he felt it, Sebastian's eye, full of some suppressed inexplicable kind of humour that was as impossible to understand as it was to resist, turned to one of his sisters, and set her mouth twitching even before the half-comical, half-serious "Poor little papa!" was whispered.

Amos, though he found Sebastian's manner to him always full of demure respect and childish humility, had a certain sense of being understood by this little dunce better than by the wisest man he knew. It gave him a curious sort of vexation sometimes when he had an annoyance which he thought was unknown to any but himself to meet the boy's babyish eyes with their look of half-furtive, sympathetic insight. But there were times when Amos took some solace from those looks almost unknowingly; times also when he talked to Sebastian as he talked to no one else. There existed, in fact, between these two a certain confidence and companionship which seemed strange enough considering the trouble they gave each other as teacher and pupil.

Sebastian, as he remembered how his father had read the terrible letter with repugnance and almost anger, wondered lovingly as well as trem-

blingly how he would act in the matter.

Though he went back to his lessons, they were more than ever vague and incomprehensible to him. "What will poor papa do?" was the question that filled all his mind.

He could do nothing but wonder and wait for the time when Amos would come to hear him his lessons.

When he did hear the well-known step crossing the stone-paved hall, Sebastian's heart thumped very hard, and his cheeks grew hot as he bent low over his book.

"Well, sir," said Amos, looking suspiciously at the reddening cheeks, "I hope you have made some use of your time *this morning*."

Sebastian, only too well aware that he was no better acquainted with the lesson set him than he had been three days ago, mechanically handed one of his books to his father, and placed himself before him in his usual attitude of torture—his hands behind him, and his eyes directed to a corner of the ceiling.

Then followed the old, old story: Amos patiently questioning, Sebastian utterly helpless, and growing more bewildered and stupefied every minute.

At last Amos threw down on the table the book he held.

The little shock of this action brought the tears to Sebastian's eyes; and when his father rose and left the room without speaking, he let the drops patter down on his broad collar, and made no effort to stop them.

At dinner nobody spoke to him. He fancied his father and mother were strange and reserved with each other (so shrewd an eye had the little dunce), and he felt sure he was the cause.

His sisters, fair, brown, and freckled, had come in from the beach with the appetites and spirits of successful hunters. They were not particularly well favoured as to personal appearance, but each freckled brow wore the crown of happy carelessness, by which one sees when a

child is really allowed to be sovereign in the bright empire of its childhood.

From the little one who sat with his broad linen collar blistered with tear marks that crown had been taken. His little kingdom was as bright as any, but he might not enjoy it: as full of treasures as any, but his hands were bound so that he could hardly touch them. Yet even crownless and chained he loved it, and longed for its forbidden joys.

Just now, however, Sebastian was thinking less of his own troubles than of his father's. He saw his mother so silent and stern to him, and could well understand what it must be if his father meant to go against the prebendary's advice.

After dinner Amos rose to set out on a visit to a sick parishioner at some distance. Sebastian was to have gone with him, and he watched wistfully for a look signifying he might go. But Amos went without a glance towards him.

"Now, Sebastian," said Mrs. Gould as sharply as her well cultivated voice allowed her to speak, "no idling because your father's away; and I hope I shall hear a better account of this afternoon than I have of this morning. If I don't——"

She finished the sentence with a look which Sebastian, after what he had read in the prebendary's letter, had no difficulty in understanding.

When Amos returned from his long walk, which had been more wearying than usual, perhaps through the absence of his little companion, Sebastian was sitting at the dining-room table, his arms clasped round his little heap of books, his head laid on them.

He was asleep, and Mrs. Gould stood by, sternly drawing his father's attention to the dreadful fact.

Amos understood from her manner that she thought the right occasion for following the prebendary's advice had come.

He stood looking at the little culprit hesitatingly, when Sebastian woke up

suddenly, and was down on his feet in a moment, meekly proffering his little book for his father to hear him say his lesson as usual.

Amos took the book, and laid it on the table.

"Go in the garden, Sebastian," he said; "I can't attend to you now."

Sebastian was glad to escape his afternoon ordeal for once. As he passed by the dining-room window he heard his mother talking in that peculiar tone which Sebastian had noticed always left his father's face very grave for hours; sometimes for days.

He knew the conversation was about himself and the prebendary; and he felt as guilty as if he had committed some dreadful crime.

He had strolled drearily about for half an hour when his mother called him. There was a sort of firm tranquillity in her voice that made Sebastian's little legs tremble as he walked toward's the house.

"Your papa wants you in the dining-room," she said, taking his hand and helping him to cross the hall swiftly.

As soon as Sebastian found the door closed behind him he noticed a little cane lying on the table. All his courage forsook him at once, and he began such a cry as deceived his mother, who, listening in the hall, put her hand to her heart, and bit her lip, fearing Amos was dealing too severely with him.

It was quite a little tragedy in the house, for Sebastian was so loved that his screams went sharply to all hearts there. His sisters clung to each other and held their breath. The servant-girl expressed her indignation in tones nearly as loud as Sebastian's.

There was dead silence when Amos carried the little martyr up stairs to put him to bed. When he came down he gave orders that no one was to go near him.

Amos had his own reasons for this. The fact was the flogging had not been so terrible as it seemed outside the door, and he wished to surround it with

as much solemnity as possible. He preferred that Mrs. Gould should not immediately see the extent of the injuries Sebastian's tender flesh might be supposed to have sustained from the severity of his punishment. By the next morning all signs of it would reasonably be expected to have disappeared.

Sebastian, when he heard the command given, was much relieved by it, for he, too, dreaded his mother coming up and discovering that he had really made as slight an acquaintance with the cane as he had with his lessons.

He was trembling, pale, and sobbing, it is true, from the shock of *seeing* the cane, and from the successive shocks of the blows Amos gave the cushion of the chair with the cane, apparently to try its mettle, for each time Sebastian thought the next blow would be upon his own back; and as expectation is said to be often worse than reality, his cries of terror were not in any way fictitious.

When his father said, "There, sir, that's what you will get if you don't mind," and he found himself being carried up stairs uninjured, his relief was almost too much for him, and he turned so pale that Amos thought he would have fainted.

Amos shut himself in his study all the evening, leading Mrs. Gould to infer that his exertion in the dining-room had upset his nerves and temper. The truth was he felt too guilty to endure her sympathy. He doubted if she would ever forgive him if she knew what he had done, or rather what he had not done. A woman who thought any extravagance of emotion almost a sin had had her heart wrung—by what? Blows on a horsehair chair-cushion!

No wonder Amos withdrew himself from his family that evening; and no wonder Sebastian lying up stairs should, when he recovered from his fright, whisper into his pillow with tender mirth:—

"Poor little papa! Poor, dear, little papa!"

But Amos had more to think of in his solitude than what had passed that afternoon. What was to be done with Sebastian? Amos had some dim idea that it would be far better to leave the child to his childishness a little longer. It did seem to him that forcing open the folded mind so early was like pulling apart the petals of a bud in a way that must ruin the flower.

Yet what could he do when two such high-minded and altogether such superior persons as his wife and Prebendary Jellicoe set their strong opinions against his opinion, which was, he was obliged to own, but vague and doubtful?

He knew that after the event of that day Sebastian's heart would be bound to him by a new tie, and that the child would try to the very utmost of his strength to please him.

In this he was right enough, for Sebastian did indeed strain all his small powers after that day. Another year, however, showed his efforts in vain, or very nearly so. He was certainly the most backward child Amos himself had ever known.

Mrs. Gould was obliged to confess that even the carrying out of the prebendary's advice had not done any good.

One day Mrs. Gould came to Amos as he was at work in the garden.

Amos dropped his eyes as soon as he saw her, for she carried one of the well known big heraldic decorated letters. Her eyes were bright and triumphant.

"Our difficulty is now over, Amos," she said. "The prebendary has offered to take Sebastian for two years, and teach him himself."

She did not know Sebastian was behind the pea-sticks close by till she caught sight of a pair of panic-stricken blue eyes staring at her through the blossoms.

Amos was scarcely less dismayed at this news than Sebastian. He felt, too, that after his own failure as the boy's tutor, he could say but little against a plan that would give his

wife such confidence and pleasure. But he suffered more than she had any idea of in his passiveness as the preparations were made for Sebastian's speedy departure. He could not help wondering if the boy thought him weak, or untrue to their friendship in allowing this bitter parting to take place. And yet again it really appeared to him that Sebastian understood his position, and pitied him. He never once appealed to him to save him from the dreaded visit. He seemed to watch him, and to understand it would increase his trouble.

Sebastian did try to put up one frantic little prayer to his mother, but it was met half-way by so stern a word and look, he had to swallow back the chief part of it though it nearly choked him.

He tried no more to avert his doom, but awaited it with Spartan patience.

When the day of separation dawned Sebastian had two important duties to perform before it was time for his father and mother to rise. One was the burial of a broken-legged wooden horse, for which he still had too great an affection to leave it to be treated according to its personal defects. The other was the destruction of a little strip of garden which his mother had informed him would not be his when he returned, as he would then be too much of a man for such nonsense, and would be able to assist his father with the garden and farm.

These two terrible acts performed, he felt as if his childhood was annihilated, and he was almost a man.

How the hours, usually so slow at Monksdean, seemed to fly that morning!

The little grave in the sands was scarcely covered with the flowers torn from the garden spot which had given Sebastian the first pleasures of landed proprietorship, when he was called to breakfast.

His father and mother were to walk with him up to the top of the village where the coach passed at nine o'clock every Wednesday morning.

When Mrs. Gould went up stairs to put on her bonnet, Sebastian, who, pale with excitement and his exertions in the garden, sat by the window, felt his father's hand on his shoulder and heard his voice, the only voice in the world that gave his bewildered little soul any confidence and hope, saying:—

"Sebastian, one word, my boy, before we part. Don't think I am sending you away to save myself trouble. I shall have more trouble about you than if I had you here. I shall come and see you, and if I find that being with your godfather is not for your good I shall bring you home. You need think of nothing but trying to learn. Now do you understand, it's not such a terrible thing after all?"

Sebastian stood up, and brushed a speck of dust from his cap, and without looking at his father, answered,—

"Very well, papa, I can bear it now."

And in his voice was such a revelation of the despair that had filled him before his father's little speech, Amos was almost startled into further and more binding promises. Mrs. Gould, however, came down in time to save them from the dangerous comfort of more parting words; and when each of his sisters had taken leave of him under the restraining looks of Mrs. Gould, Sebastian passed from under the paternal roof with very vague ideas as to how and when he should return.

When he had passed the pond Amos saw him cast a half-comical farewell glance at the little garden-gate of the park. Here an unexpected relief to the solemnity of the walk awaited them. Dora, having somehow got tidings of Sebastian's departure, had been inconsolable till her father be thought him of buying her a present to give Sebastian on his way to the coach. As they reached the gate, it was suddenly opened, giving Sebastian one more glimpse of the beloved pigeons and cedars in the background,

and of their lovely little mistress holding her father's fingers in one hand, while the other held out a pocket-knife, whose beauties and capacity no mortal boy could possibly gaze on ungladdened.

Dora's eyes were brilliant and her cheeks glowing with anticipation of Sebastian's delight at such a gift, and as though she feared he could scarcely realize his good fortune, she accompanied her presentation with assuring sentences and emphatic nods.

"It's a present for you. It's a knife. You may keep it. It has a VERY big blade and a *very* little one, and another one, and a file, and something else, and it's all for you; so you don't mind going away *now*, do you?"

Dowdeswell, on pretence of putting the knife safely into Sebastian's pocket, left something else there no less useful to one preparing to face the outer world for the first time.

"I have friends at Petherton, and may be running over soon. If so, I'll come and look you up," he said, pulling back Dora who was lavishing on Sebastian as many kisses as they allowed her time for. Then the gate was closed on her, and Amos and his little party hastened to meet the coach.

The bitter moment came and passed, Sebastian had been handed up and put in his place among the big men, and was carried off with them.

"It will be a grand chance for him," observed Mrs. Gould, thoughtfully.

Amos cleared his throat, but could not speak while the coach-wheels were within hearing. Till they were no more to be heard, the wrench he had sustained seemed not quite over.

He let Mrs. Gould go alone down the lane to the Rectory. He felt he could not go in and talk over Sebastian's grand chance.

He had an instinct that his little dunce would pay dearly in some way for whatever knowledge he might gain. It seemed to him he should never have him back the same.

When he came upon the little garden laid waste, he felt the child himself must have shared his thought. His little crop of childish pleasures was cut down, and he would find them no more. Amos knew that the prebendary would not be content to have power over him for two years only. Having once gone into the matter he would certainly require authority as to Sebastian's training till he was ready for college.

All this made Amos feel the parting deeply; and for some time the sight of Sebastian's little iron bedstead, folded up against the wall, and of his empty place in church, made it seem as if the boy had been driven right out of the world, instead of into it, on the coach full of men.

*To be continued.*



## A MONTH WITH THE TURKISH ARMY IN THE BALKANS.

BY AN ARTILLERY OFFICER.

CERTAIN circumstances personal to myself rendered it desirable that I should occupy my thoughts with the exciting struggle in progress in the passes of the Balkans. Two of my brother officers accompanied me, and we started at a day's notice on the 25th of October. The outfit for our short campaign was quickly provided. It consisted of a few warm clothes, a cork mattress, a waterproof sheet, and a saddle for each.

Our first experience began when we found ourselves at anchor in the Dardanelles. In front, in rear, and on both sides of the ship, on a level with the water, were numerous earth batteries, out of which peered the muzzles of the heaviest ordnance. All seemed so quiet, it was hard to realise that we had already reached a country devastated by a fierce war. But a slight incident, even on board ship, reminded us that we were in Turkey. An officer of Bashi-Bazouks came on board, and demeaned himself with that recklessness which has obtained for these irregular troops such an unenviable notoriety. This officer refused to pay the fare, and, drawing his sword, threatened to cut down the first person who touched him; but two sailors promptly hit the gallant warrior just below the knees with a plank of wood, and prostrated him on his back. He was immediately seized, carried off the ship, and put into a boat, from which he poured a foul stream of language. His anger was so great that it was not deemed prudent to trust him with his sword till the ship was under way, when it was lowered by a piece of string.

During the two days we remained in Constantinople, rain fell in torrents, and, as parts of the railway had been

washed away, we were recommended not to go up the country. However, our leave was short, and we started, having first obtained from the Porte a *teskierate*, or written permission to travel, which, however, we never had occasion to use, for, as English officers, we were allowed to go everywhere, and were always received, from the highest official down to the private soldier, with the greatest civility and hospitality. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, there still exists amongst all classes of Turks the utmost goodwill and kindly feeling for the English.

On arriving at Adrianople we were received by the governor, Achmed Vefik Pacha, with much cordiality. He invited us to dinner, and made himself the most agreeable of hosts. Although he has never been in England, he is singularly conversant with English habits; and his knowledge of the politics and the social condition of our country is quite remarkable. Dining at the same table were the male members of his family, and, among others, his eldest son, who, although educated at the École Polytechnique in Paris, had commenced his career as a private in the Turkish army, and had now risen to the rank of sergeant-major. With our views of Turkish pride and indolence, it certainly seemed extraordinary that the son of a great pacha, who is not unlikely to be the next Grand Vizier, should drill in his father's palace as a private, and go through the rough experiences of the Turkish rank and file.

On visiting the military hospital of this town, in which there were 2,000 patients, we began to realise the horrors of war. Here, at all events, the

wounded were well cared for, and seemed cheerful and happy. The great number of wounds in the left hand is most noticeable. This arises from fighting behind earthworks (where the hand holding the barrel of the gun is the most exposed), though no doubt also from the more cowardly soldiers maiming themselves in order to escape further service. This practice must soon cease, as the generals have determined to shoot the men who maim themselves; and there is no difficulty in identifying them, as the powder remains in the wounds. There are cowards and malingerers in all armies, though in the Turkish there are but few. Our admiration of the common soldier increased daily as we became more intimate with him. He is by nature a gentleman, always polite, cheerful, and brave. We saw regiments under all conditions. Even where the men came in weary, footsore, and fasting, we have seen them ordered on to fight, and they have gone without a murmur. We have met them in the clouds among the snow at Schipka, where they had been for weeks; we have been with them in victory and also in defeat; but they are always the same uncomplaining, faithful men, honest and good-natured. Constantly one sees a wounded man helping another along; and it is a common thing, after a fight, to see a wounded soldier carrying two rifles, so as to ease his comrade, who may be weaker than himself; for the Turk is very proud of his arms, and would almost as soon lose his life as the weapon intrusted to him.

The Bashi-Bazouks and the Circassians are quite of a different stamp from the regular soldiery. They are armed, but receive no pay, and live by plunder. The Circassians are perhaps the most bloodthirsty of the two. Dressed in long homespun coats (something like ulsters) they have a soldier-like appearance; they are upright in their carriage, and have fierce aristocratic looks. They are excellent horsemen, and as a rule are brave, though

perhaps better in a hand-to-hand fight than under fire; but many of them are thieving, villanous brutes of the worst kind, and acknowledge no rule or discipline. Nevertheless, there lingers among them a certain sense of honour, although it is the proverbial honour of thieves. For instance, if a person start on an expedition with them, as long as it lasts his property is perfectly safe; but immediately it is over, they feel no longer under any moral obligation; and the next day, if they have the chance, will rob him of all he has got. One day, on a reconnoitering expedition, I was alone with about fifty Circassians, and lent my field-glasses and telescope to some near me, to look at a force of Russian cavalry. The glasses were passed round from one to the other, till we had to advance, when they disappeared, and I never expected to get them back; but at the next halt they were returned to me. The Bashi-Bazouk is simply a volunteer, who serves without pay for the chance of loot; and, as a rule, is as bad as the conditions of his service make him. His conduct has undoubtedly done much to embitter the war, and to bring unpopularity on the Turkish government. There are some organised regiments of Bashi-Bazouks, but they are mostly employed as feelers for the army. They do not like going under fire, and are not to be relied on; but they are often very useful for sneaking along under cover, and finding out the position of the enemy. It is they who plunder and murder the wounded on the battle-field. The regular Turkish soldier is never bloodthirsty, except perhaps during the excitement of battle, when both Russians and Turks are equally ferocious. We were present in six engagements and two retreats, and had every opportunity of seeing any acts of violence committed by the Turkish soldiery, but did not observe a single instance even of pillaging on the part of the regulars. In fact their conduct was always beyond praise, while their

kindness, affection, and unselfishness for one another and for their officers is very touching. Even to strangers like ourselves, when they saw that we shared the hardships and dangers of the campaign, their kindness was most pleasing. They were gratified to do us small services, and pained if we attempted to pay for any of the numerous civilities which they so constantly rendered.

After this digression on the qualities of the Turkish soldier I return to our tour. From Adrianople we took the rail to Philipopolis, which is a pretty city built on three rocks, standing in the centre of a large plain. The bazaar in this town was decorated by numerous gallows projecting above the shop doors. The hangman makes a good trade by this arrangement, for when a number of men are about to be hanged in the morning (a by no means uncommon occurrence) he goes the night before and bargains with the shopkeepers, who of course vie with one another not to have an execution over their shops. The only inn here is the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, kept by an excellent Frenchman named Baptiste, and although the accommodation was scanty in the extreme, yet the landlord was most kind, and assisted us to buy horses. On its being known that we wanted a stud the yard was soon filled by a miscellaneous lot, out of which we bought six for the sum of twenty-four Turkish liras (a lira being worth about eighteen English shillings). The method of closing a deal was peculiar: after much haggling and noise the price was finally settled, and there followed a hand-shaking all round. Half the money for the horse was deposited, and the vendor went to the magistrate for a paper which purported to certify that the horse was *bonâ fide* property and not stolen, then on receipt of this and a bunch of hair pulled from the animal's tail, the remainder of the money was paid. The horses were not much to look at, but were hardy, useful little animals, admirably suited for the rough work and hardships they had to undergo.

The next morning we started for Schipka, distant two days' journey. In Turkey, as in Germany, distances are not reckoned by miles but by hours; one hour represents about three English miles. We spent the first night in a village where we found a house with an empty room; in this we stretched out our mattresses and crawled into sheepskin bags, which we had made in Constantinople, and found most useful during many cold nights. Rising at daylight, we crossed the Lower Balkans in a hard frost, but even the intense cold did not prevent us from admiring the magnificent view of the sunrise on the snow-topped peaks. As there was not a cloud in the air the colours on the hills surpassed all description. Towards the middle of the day, from the summit of a hill, we saw below a lovely village, bordered by orchards and fruit-trees. On the opposite slope of the hill leading from it was a church, and below its terrace a sparkling rivulet that wound among the houses. The scene was exquisite, and the beauty was enhanced by silence—the silence of desolation, for the villagers had been burnt out and pillaged early in the summer. The only living creature in the place was a little black dog that came to greet us. These deserted houses were the remains of the once beautiful and flourishing town of Kalofer, on which war had left so fell a mark. Continuing our journey we passed numerous long bullock-trains of provisions destined for the army, each araba being drawn by a pair of oxen, which plodded slowly along under the charge of a sulky, boorish-looking Bulgarian, who, with his cattle, had probably been pressed into this service. Towards four o'clock we had already journeyed forty miles, and had still a good many more to go, but my horse turned dead lame. The difficulty was got over as some Bashi-Bazouks happened to pass, who took him in exchange for one of theirs in consideration of five liras. Our baggage horses being dead-beat, they were left to spend

the night in a small village, and some hours after dark we arrived at Shikerli, a burnt village about a mile from the camp at Schipka. Here the English doctors had their head-quarters, and from them we received much kindness and hospitality. They had established themselves in some forsaken houses, over which they hoisted the white flag with the red crescent and the English ensign, to show their proprietorship, and formed a happy and comfortable community.

The following morning we went to pay our respects to his Excellency Reouf Pacha, who was in command. He was living in a small wooden hut with only one room, furnished with a few stools. I have seen remarks in the English papers about the comforts carried about by the Turkish commanders in the field. Such accounts have evidently been written by people who had no personal experience, for during our travels we saw many commanders, and they were all living in the simplest and rudest manner. As an instance of the discomfort they undergo, I may mention that Redjib Pacha, who commanded the right Turkish position at Schipka, had been living for upwards of three months at a height of about five thousand feet above the level of the sea, exposed to rain, cold, and snow, in a small hut not seven feet square, and had only descended into the plain twice during that time. He is noted as one of the most dashing cavalry officers in Turkey, so that being cooped up on the top of a mountain must be very irksome to him, yet he has never shrunk from it. His cheerful manner amidst his privations keeps up the spirits of his soldiers, who are comparatively comfortably housed in thatched mud-huts, in the centre of which burns a large wood fire. They are well fed, and all appear in excellent health and spirits.

Reouf Pacha received us very courteously, and while discussing the usual cigarettes and coffee, spoke frankly about the position of Turkish affairs, but did not conceal his view

that his country had been badly treated by England. He is a tall, handsome man, a Circassian by birth, but has a sad look, as if he had met with some great disappointment in life. He is a good soldier, and, unlike most Turks of the present generation, is an enthusiastic sportsman, being devoted to fishing and shooting. On our taking leave he gave us permission to visit the positions and to pass at any time and to any place under his command.

The Turkish camp at Schipka is situated about a mile from the foot of the hills; at the base of which stretch the wonderful rose-gardens of Roumelia, now quite uncared for. Across these gardens we galloped on our way to the pass, which is not, as many suppose, a mere defile, but a fair broad road over the mountains. The Turks have three positions—the left, centre, and right. The centre position is on a mountain over which the road passes, and is crowned by Fort St. Nicholas. On each side is a valley, that to the left being bounded by a wooded hill, on which the Turks have a camp at a height of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. It is supplied with three gun-batteries and one mortar-battery, which fire on the rear of Fort St. Nicholas and also sweep the Gabrova road, thus obliging the Russians to bring up all their provisions and reinforcements during the night. This hill has suffered much from the shells of the enemy; the tops of all the trees being truncated, and the branches lopped off by their fragments. The ascent to this position takes upwards of two hours, as the road for a great part of the way is up the bed of a dried mountain stream, so the difficulty of getting guns and provisions to the top may be imagined. The right Turkish position is at the highest altitude of all, and commands the Russian positions around the fort, which is about a mile distant. The Turks have got the range to a yard, so that every shot from their seven-gun battery situated on the crest of the hill tells with terrible effect. The ascent to this point also

takes about two hours, but it is along a good road lying on the reverse side of the hill, and thus is protected from the enemy's fire.

The centre position is, however, the most interesting, though at the same time the most dangerous to visit. It is on the hill crowned by Fort St. Nicholas, at a height of 4,700 feet above the sea, while below this Fort the ground dips, forming a small valley of about two hundred yards in breadth. On the opposite side, in the direction of the Turkish lines, is the famous rock on which the Turks held a footing for hours during their courageous night assault. This rock is now honey-combed with rifle-pits, from which the Russians keep up an incessant fire on the Turkish positions below, the nearest of which are at a distance of about three hundred yards from the rock.

When Suleiman Pacha saw his troops upon that rock during the assault he thought Fort St. Nicholas was won, and he telegraphed to that effect. But the rock is the mere outwork, and the Turks made no impression on the strong works which they found hid behind it. The Turkish attack here consists of advanced rifle-pits, with a trench of about four feet wide and three deep behind them, the earth being thrown up into a parapet, with sand-bag loopholes for musketry. When a man is wounded in the advanced rifle-pits there he must lie for hours, for no aid can be sent to him during daylight. Even in the trench behind the parapet safety can only be secured by constant watchfulness, for if a soldier retire a few feet from the parapet or stand erect only for an instant the Russians, ever on the alert with their almost vertical fire from the rock, can send a messenger of death with every bullet. While visiting this position we saw one poor Turk expose himself in a moment of forgetfulness, and he was instantly shot dead, no less than three bullets having struck him. Getting into these trenches during the day was hazardous, for

reliefs are always carried on at night. We had to cross the "open" for a short space, though the sight of the soldiers in the trenches was ample reward for the risk incurred. Here lay the Turks in readiness for an assault which might come at any moment, knowing well that they could not be relieved during daylight. They were obliged to crouch amongst the mud and slush, never being able to stand up erect except when it came to their turn to take post at a loophole. Some who had brought sticks with them were squatted round little fires, others were lying down trying to sleep, while above them was to be heard the whistling of the Russian bullets, which every now and then sent showers of earth into the trench as they struck the parapet; but in the midst of all this discomfort the Turks seemed cheerful and contented. The men watching through the loopholes were ever on the alert, and every man's rifle, ready loaded, with bayonet fixed, stood propped against the parapet close alongside of him in immediate readiness for action. Through the loopholes we could see distinctly the Russian rifle-pits in the face of the rock, marked out by the puffs of smoke which poured from them continuously; but the men were all so carefully hid that no trace of them could be seen except at distant intervals. When some unwary Russian head appeared it became immediately the mark for numerous shots from the Turkish side. The Turks certainly did not waste their ammunition, though the Russians kept up a constant fire on the chance of hitting somebody through the loopholes or in the rear of the trenches. Since in ordinary war it is very unusual for men in advanced posts to fire on each other, this incessant endeavour to kill on both sides shows with what ferocity this unhappy struggle is carried on.

The Turkish staff-officer, who had, I think, very unwillingly accompanied us into the trenches, wanted us not to descend till dusk; but we preferred the chance of a shot to the discomfort



of remaining doing nothing, so we again crossed the "open" to the place where we had left our horses under cover. Close behind these advanced trenches the Turks have a strong mortar battery, and, lower down the hill, two gun batteries. This position could easily be taken at any time by the Russians, if they made an assault in force; but the latter know that they could not hold it, as it is completely commanded by the Turkish right. About half way down, for the space of half a mile, the road is swept by the guns from Fort St. Nicholas; but, as they rarely fire at pack animals, we took advantage of this in our ascent, and walked on the off-side of a pack train. On our return, as the road was good, we, greatly to the disgust of our Turkish friend, who wished us to go one at a time, determined to have the fun of a gallop in a body. This, under ordinary circumstances, would have drawn the Russian fire, as they have their guns ready laid on this open place; but, luckily for us, an opportune cloud passed over the fort, and probably hid us from their view.

Before leaving the central position, which I have just described, I may mention, for those who believe in dreams, a narrative related to me by a Scotch officer in the Turkish service, who greatly distinguished himself in the assault on Fort St. Nicholas. He assured me that before the fulfilment of the dream he sent an account of it to his relations in Scotland. Some weeks previous to the assault he dreamt that, during a fight, a handsome young Turk spoke earnestly to him, and, whilst doing so, some soldiers, dressed in a uniform he had never seen, charged over a parapet in front. The young Turk was shot in the side, and died in agony. This officer volunteered for the night assault on Fort St. Nicholas, and, while leading the troops under a heavy fire, a soldier came forward and kissed him on the forehead. As he did so the Russians, dressed in the garb of his

vision, rose over the entrenchment, and the bullet, which would probably have ended the career of my friend, struck the young Turk, who fell, mortally wounded. Though this officer comes from the land where second sight is almost a subject of faith, yet he had been an entire sceptic in regard to it, and I leave it to philosophers to reconcile the imaginative and real phenomena in this case.

All the positions of the Turks have been constructed with great skill and care, and the advantages of the ground have been made use of. The men, living on the highest elevations, are housed in good huts, formed by twining branches of trees together, and then erecting mud walls round this framework. When practicable, these huts are placed on the slopes of the hills, protected from the cold north wind. There is of course abundance of firewood, and the soldiers are supplied with excellent rations, including a liberal amount of meat, which is brought up by large relays of pack-horses. All the sentries are supplied with warm sheepskin great-coats and gloves, with the wool inside; they not only keep out the cold, but also the rain, as the skin is almost waterproof. The batteries are well constructed, the embrasures and parapets being carefully lined with fascines and gabions, and their guns protected by covers from the weather. There is an abundant supply of ammunition, which the Turks do not waste by reckless firing, as they know the trouble it is to bring it up; but their magazines are very carelessly constructed and placed. I saw a large one filled with many barrels of powder, situated just behind a battery, and having for a roof only planks, covered with a tarpaulin. This can afford no protection from a shell, and the consequence will be that the first which strikes it must cause an explosion and destroy everything around. There is also an entire absence of all attempt at sanitary arrangements in these camps on the hills, and the result is to render their

neighbourhood both unpleasant and unhealthy.

Hearing that there was going to be an attempt to relieve Plevna, we started for Orchanie, where the relieving force was assembling. Reouf Pacha was kind enough to give us an escort of six cavalry soldiers, but recommended us not to go the way we intended, along the foot of the Balkans to Sladitza, as there was danger of our being cut off by the Russians. However, in spite of his warnings, we started, our party being increased by two other Englishmen. Our method of travelling was to send the baggage-horses in front, so that they could not be lost; and at nights we slept in an empty room of some house, put at our disposal by the head of the village in which we stopped. In some instances we were treated most hospitably, especially at Karlofa, where our host insisted on treating us to an excellent dinner. In another village, a Turk turned out the ladies of his establishment, so that we slept luxuriously on the rugs of his harem; but the ladies, in spite of their ejection, presented us with a good repast. On the fourth day after leaving Schipka we crossed the Balkans from Sladitza to Etropol. This pass is extremely bad, and unfit for vehicles, and it takes about five hours to cross. The descent into Bulgaria is through a lovely wooded glen, down which rolls a sparkling brook, reminding us of many of our burns at home in the hills of Scotland. Notice had been carried to Etropol of the coming of some Europeans, and we were met at the entrance of the town by Mustafa Pacha, the commandant, on a strong and powerful horse. He was surrounded by his staff, and, though civil, evidently eyed us with suspicion. It was incomprehensible to him that anybody could be so foolish as to travel about in these hard times for mere pleasure, and we afterwards heard that he telegraphed to Chakir Pacha, his superior, at Orchanie, as to what was to be done

with us. Lying in the street, just in front of the governor's house, was the head of a young Russian, which had been cut off in an engagement, and brought as a trophy into the town; but the authorities were evidently ashamed of this, as, immediately after our arrival it was buried.

We were given a billet to a clean, picturesque Bulgarian house, the owner of which was one among several political prisoners, though his family were left in undisturbed possession of their house and goods. The Turks had found out that many of the inhabitants of this town had been giving information to the Russians, so they promptly imprisoned those whom they suspected. They were no doubt right in their surmises, as we ourselves, during the fighting at Etropol, saw many Bulgarians leading the enemy's troops through the mountain and woodland tracks. Our hostess was kind and hospitable. At our first meal she bade us welcome with cordial grace; she brought in a charge of wine, and made her son hand each of us in turn the loving cup, which she herself filled, and as he passed it round, he kissed our hands, to show the friendship and goodwill of the house. The welcome was so sincere that we felt they did not look on us as intruders.

A room, covered with Bulgarian rugs, was put at our disposal, and, stretching ourselves on these, we prepared to pass a few hours of well-earned rest. This was a vain hope, as we were objects of great curiosity. First came the Colonel on the Staff, Omer Bey, then the commander of the cavalry, and these were followed by several minor officials, who all tried to find out what we wanted in the place. All seemed equally fond of the whisky bottle which we presented to them; but at last they took their departure, and we managed to go to rest. However, early in the morning our visitors came dropping in again and remained, not in the least abashed by the open manner in which we

performed our ablutions, which were made the more interesting to them from the fact of there being a small Turkish bath in the corner of the room, heated by means of a fire in the kitchen, and which we alternately made good use of. Before leaving the colonel invited us to accompany him on a reconnaissance at midday, and we accepted this invitation with pleasure. Our reconnoitering party was composed of some regular cavalry and about eighty Circassians. Soon after starting, accustomed as we are to the great respect always shown by English officers towards one another on parade, we were much astonished to hear Omer Bey order an officer who was in charge of a picquet to receive thirty blows. The officer, however, seemed to think this nothing unusual, as, on hearing the order, he rushed into his tent, and came out again with a great-coat on, the ample folds of which, when he stooped down, received the blows administered by the colonel's aide-de-camp, with a branch of a tree cut off for the purpose.

After this episode we proceeded through a wood, in which was the body of a dead Russian; we halted, but as there was neither time nor means to bury it, the Circassians covered the corpse with branches of trees and dead leaves. On ascending a hill, a few miles further along the Plevna road, we saw a large force of Russian cavalry encamped, and many infantry marching in the distance. It was evident that these troops were being brought up for an attack, so, on the way back, the Circassians spread out in all directions, and soon every house that could afford shelter to the enemy was lighting the evening shades with a lurid glow.

The following day the Russians began the attack about one o'clock, this hour apparently being the usual time for them to commence operations. They were commanded by General Gourko, who operated with great skill, both tactically and strategically. Within a quarter of an hour after the

first shot was fired, on a mountain above Etropol, firing was heard along the whole line, which extended beyond Orchanie, a distance in all of upwards of sixteen miles. This simultaneous attack was so well timed and carried out that the Turks were taken by surprise, and lost the Orchanie pass on the Plevna road, while the Russians also gained the heights to the north and east of Etropol without much trouble. We particularly admired the bold manner in which, early in the afternoon, they advanced along the open plain, and the alacrity with which they entrenched themselves, under cover of their guns, which made most excellent practice, and found the range in very few shots.

On awakening the following morning, November 23rd, we found that, during the night, the Russians had erected earthworks overlooking Etropol, while the Turks had actually abandoned some almost impregnable advanced positions, in which we had left them the evening before in perfect security. We at once concluded that the place was doomed, as its commander seemed quite destitute of military capacity as well as energy. Instead of encouraging his troops by his presence, he sat in his house most of the day smoking cigarettes. We therefore sent our baggage early in the morning by a back road across the Balkans to Orchanie, and, after seeing it safely started under the charge of our escort, we accompanied Omer Bey, the chief of the staff, who told us, with great confidence, that he was going to drive the Russians from the positions they had gained. Instead of performing this feat he allowed them to gain ground rapidly, whilst he kept back many of his own men, who might have been employed with the greatest advantage. The chief redoubt defending the position was situated in the middle of the valley, which was surrounded on all sides by high hills, having at one end the town of Etropol, and at the other the

road to Plevna. About two o'clock the guns were firing very rapidly from this redoubt; so, thinking that the Russians must be attacking the main position, we hurried to it. There Mustafa Pacha, surrounded by his staff, was watching, with apparent satisfaction, the fire of guns so badly placed that they did not even sweep, for any distance, the road they were intended to protect, owing to the spur of a hill which intervened. It was no use for the officers around him to point out that if the guns were moved to another place, a little on the right, they would effectually prevent any Russian advance. It is almost incredible that, instead of utilising them in this manner, the Pacha caused holes to be dug in the ground for their trails, so that they might be given greater elevation. They were then placidly fired into the air, the shot passing over the hill-tops, and falling harmlessly into the plains beyond. After each shot the soldiers in the redoubt, apparently to keep up the impression that their shot told, were made to shout "Allah! Allah!" and this inspiring cry was re-echoed by the soldiery on the hills. The reason of this utter and senseless waste of ammunition was a mystery; but our impression was that the guns were fired in order to make a noise, and not with a view to do execution.

Painfully impressed with this scene, we again returned to the advanced positions, feeling deeply for the poor men who were losing their lives to no purpose. Here the Turks were fighting with their usual valour, and disputing every inch of ground. Towards five o'clock (the Russians having gained possession of the shortest road to Orchanie early in the day) we saw three regiments marching across the mountains, evidently with the intention of cutting off the back road, which crosses the Balkans in a circuitous direction for twenty-four miles. No time was now to be lost, unless we allowed ourselves to be taken prisoners; so we decided that we must

start at once, and retired behind a sheltered hill to feed our horses, and to eat what food we had with us, for, with the likelihood of being captured, it was well to have a meal to the good. We did not rest long, as it was a race between the Russians and ourselves who should reach the pass first. Indeed we feared that the Cossacks had already advanced and got possession, so we hurried on, passing sorrowfully through the lovely little town in which, but two days before, all had been peaceful, and which was doomed by the utter incapacity of the governor. Soon the road began to ascend the mountains; darkness gradually set in, and, as it finally closed, we entered a dense beech forest. Far below we could hear the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry, telling us that the fight still raged fiercely; but we had no time to linger, as it was a race for freedom. The track was knee-deep in a mixture of snow and mud, through which our horses, already tired with the long day's work, could hardly get along. Towards eight o'clock we found ourselves in the clouds, the darkness being almost unbearable, for even the trees were invisible. Still we managed to creep along the track, in spite of the mist and clouds, and gladly found in time that we had reached the summit, though our only means of knowing this was the altered position of our horses, which told us that the descent of the hill had at last begun. After many weary hours one of our party called out that he saw a star, and five minutes afterwards we found ourselves out of the clouds in the clear frosty night. Far below we could see the twinkling of camp-fires, and towards these we made our way. Of course there was a period of great anxiety to know whether the Russians or we had won the race, but, on cautiously approaching, we found, to our delight, that the lights were the fires of a Turkish camp, and that it was the position of Kamarli (which has since become so famous). Here

we rested for a few hours in an old ruined house, having been all night doing a sort of tortoise race, for, as the crow flies, the distance passed over was not more than eight miles.

At daybreak we started for Orchanie, passing down the main road which runs from Sophia to that place; it is a good road, and in this part runs through a defile with high hills on each side. On arriving we saw the General Chakir Pacha only for a few moments, as a council of war was going on, news having arrived of the fall of Etropol; but, notwithstanding all these troubles, on hearing from our servants of our probable arrival, he had been kind enough to send his aide-de-camp to the village of Wratschesch, below his camp, to find out and order a house to be put at our disposal. Having visited this, and seen that our baggage was safe, we rode into Orchanie to inspect the fortifications. On our way we met many trains of ammunition being brought out of the town, and, on arriving, found that it had been sacked the night before by the Circassians. This in itself was a sign that the Turks were about to abandon it; for the Circassians generally get the first information of a movement of this sort as a way of remunerating them for their gratuitous services. On arriving at the entrenchments, which were full of men, there were unmistakable signs that they were going to be evacuated, for the men were in marching order, the limbers were close to the guns, and all the tents, which were out of sight, had been struck and carried away, only those in full view of the Russians being left standing, so that they might be deceived.

We returned to Wratschesch, and there remained the night, but were aroused early in the morning to hear the news that the Russians were in Orchanie, distant only one mile, and that it was officially notified that Etropol was taken. Now as Etropol was the key to the Orchanie Pass, we were not surprised to find that the

Turkish army was in full retreat; in fact, the greater part of it had already gone during the night. We at once packed up our baggage and sent it off, with orders to go at once to Sophia, while we ourselves rode out towards Orchanie to reconnoitre. After examining the village closely with our glasses, we came to the conclusion that there was nobody there, so advanced cautiously and entered. It was indeed a curious sight to see this village, which, but the day before, was full of life, now utterly desolate—not a human creature being there. A few wandering cattle, dogs, and poultry, which had escaped the loot of the Circassians, were the only living things to disturb the silence of the place, and they seemed bewildered and lost. The houses had been robbed of everything of value, but many of them were full of grain, and in some the fires were still smouldering. It was sad to see the magnificent earthworks, which the Turks had erected with so much care and toil, abandoned without a shot fired in their defence; but it was a wise step, as now that Etropol was in the hands of the Russians, these works might be taken in rear at any moment.

We had not much time to contemplate them, as the Cossacks were discernible coming across the plain; so we left the village and trotted back to the head of the pass. One of our party imprudently galloped on ahead to look at a Turkish gun which had broken down some distance from the road, and he was immediately taken prisoner. It was in vain that he tried to explain who he was; he was seen coming from the direction of Orchanie, and, in addition to this, had a fur cap on, which in itself was considered sufficient proof that he was a Cossack; so he was marched into camp under fixed bayonets, but, as we were acquainted with the staff, we had not much trouble in getting him released. Already the troops that were to remain behind to cover the retreat were in position in the entrenchments on the mountain sides,



so we started to follow the main body of the army. About half a mile along the road we met a train of several thousand fugitive Bulgarians, who had crowded in from the neighbouring villages. Such a motley group as they presented is seldom seen; they were mostly in family parties, each with an araba drawn by oxen, containing all their worldly goods. Women were there with children slung behind their backs, their little legs dangling helplessly, while their bodies were completely hidden. Little children toiled along with enormous bundles, running beside small ponies almost entirely covered with their burdens, while cows, calves, goats, and sheep were hopelessly mixed up with the crowd. The shouts of the men, the wailing of the women, the bellowing of the cattle, and occasionally the distant roar of cannon, produced a scene of confusion almost passing imagination. There was no time for sympathy, so we were obliged to get on and ride up the pass as quickly as we could, overtaking on the way the various *impedimenta* of the army, which had already made an excellent and well-ordered retreat. Arriving at Arab Konak, or, as it is more commonly called, Kamarli, at the top of the hill, we met Mehemet Ali, who told us that he was going to make a stand at the junction of the road from Etropol and that from Orchanie to Sophia; but he recommended us to go to Tasscheshan, a village three miles off, where more comfortable quarters were available. Here we lived in a wretched room about fifteen feet long and seven broad, with a mud floor and no fireplace. In this no less than nine of us slept, packed like sardines, for many days, the other occupants, in addition to the military party, being some English doctors. Luckily we still had our sheepskin bags to sleep in, else we should have been frozen, as the ground was covered with snow. Outside there was a horse-trough, and each morning we used to have our baths in this, even when it was snowing hard, to the

great astonishment of the natives, who, I believe, thought us mad.

On the 28th of November the first day's fighting occurred at Kamarli, for there the Russians attacked, and, after severe fighting, took possession of the heights commanding the mouth of the pass. During our whole stay Mehemet Ali was most kind and courteous. On this occasion we accompanied him throughout the day, and although the Turks were defeated, his polite and considerate manner never changed. The sufferings of the wounded on this day were frightful, for the battle was in the mountains covered with snow. The descent from the principal redoubt (situated at a height of 5,000 feet above the sea) to the camp below takes about two hours, while the path was so slippery that neither horses nor men could keep their feet, except with the greatest difficulty. Down this path the wounded had to find their own way, and those who were so badly hurt as not to be able to walk had either to remain and die on the frozen heights, or be carried down on the backs of their comrades, or, worse still, to ride down on horses which were continually falling. There was no organised system of transport for the wounded, such as stretchers, &c., nor were there any doctors to attend to them till they reached the camp. Many a poor man, who was being carried down on horseback, rolled over, horse and all, several times in succession, till he would entreat to be left to die without further torture. There was indeed one doctor, a good, kind Englishman, Dr. Gyll, whom we met, as it was getting dark, cheerily toiling up through all the cold, and snow, and ice, to spend the night in the clouds, and help the sufferers. If all the English doctors with the Turks were like Dr. Gyll, our country might well be proud. During this day's fighting the great mistake of having an army armed with two different kinds of weapons was shown. While the Turks, to all appearance, were gaining ground and driving back the Russians, they suddenly ceased to fire, and shortly

afterwards retreated panic-stricken. The cause of the panic was, that the reserve ammunition of two regiments, armed differently, one with the Snider, the other with the Peabody-Martini, got mixed; and when their first supply became exhausted, and they called up the reserve, the supply for the Peabody-Martini went to the regiment armed with the Snider, and *vice versa*. The result followed that the men found they could not fire, and although when ordered by their officers they advanced for some distance with bayonets fixed, they became demoralised and fled, the consequence being the loss of the day for the Turks. The Turkish method of carrying reserve ammunition is excellent, and might well be adopted by our service. To each regiment is attached about thirty packhorses, or rather ponies, each carrying two boxes of small-arm ammunition. The ponies are active, and can go wherever the regiment goes; and being small, are easily concealed beneath a parapet. On the march, the ponies, in addition to the ammunition, carry their own forage for several days. The men who have charge of them are trained to serve out ammunition, and this they do, under the most galling fire, with marvellous rapidity and coolness, going along the line and giving to each man the number of cartridges he may require. The cartridges are carried by the private soldiers in an original and excellent way. They are placed in rows, sown in different parts of their dress, each cartridge having a separate place for itself, so that the weight is distributed all over the body, instead of in one particular place, as it is when they are carried in a pouch, while, as an additional advantage, a large number of cartridges can be carried by one man.

On the 29th of November, as we were sitting in a tent in the camp at Kamarli for protection from the snow, which was falling fast, we heard the bugles sound the alarm, and going out we saw the Russians advancing towards us in three dense columns, as steadily as if they were on parade. It was indeed a magnificent sight to see these gallant

troops coming across the snow to almost certain defeat. Presently guns from all sides poured into them, but they never wavered. From the camp to the topmost redoubt there is a chain of five other redoubts; but these were hid in the clouds, and their defenders could not see the danger which menaced them, though the telegraph soon gave the necessary warning. In the meanwhile the Russian columns marched onwards, and no one knew what their destination was. In the redoubt in which we had placed ourselves the attack was chiefly expected, and it was wonderful to see the coolness with which the Turks awaited it, smoking their cigarettes and chatting as quietly as if they had no idea that they were in any danger. Suddenly the attacking columns turned to the left, and began to ascend the hill, where they gradually disappeared in the clouds, and we knew that they intended to attack the great redoubt. Its fate now became a subject of intense anxiety to us, for its capture would not only have entailed the loss of the whole position at Kamarli, but would have opened the road to Adrianople. Reinforcements were therefore hurried up, but there was not much chance of their arriving in time to be of any assistance. The mist obscured both Russians and Turks from our view, and we could only listen in silence. Minutes passed like hours, for the troops in the lower redoubts were powerless to join in the impending struggle. Suddenly, far away apparently, almost in the skies, arose the din of battle; the roar of cannon and the continuous roll of musketry told the anxious listeners below that the terrible death-struggle was proceeding. The firing, however, did not last long, and ceased almost as suddenly as it began. Again there was complete silence, though only for a few moments; and the triumphant shouts of "Allah! Allah! Allah!" from the regions above, told us that the Turks were victorious and the place was saved.

We waited to congratulate Mehemet Ali on his victory, and his pleasant

face was bright and joyful. We heard him give an order to the chief of his staff that sentries were to be placed round the field where the dead Russians lay to prevent their bodies from being plundered, and that any trinkets or crosses belonging to them which might be found in possession of the Turkish soldiers should be collected and sent to Prince Reuss at Constantinople, in order that they might be returned to the Russian authorities. This kind and thoughtful order was quite consistent with the whole character of the man.

Then with regret we bade adieu to our Turkish friends, who all said they hoped they should see us with our troops in the spring, and the following morning we left our wretched hovel at Tasscheshan, with its putrid well, and rode into Sophia, where we were beset by many newspaper correspondents anxious to learn the news. We now sold our horses and saddlery for the small sum of twenty-three liras, and four days afterwards arrived in Constantinople, having spent exactly one month up the country, during which time we had seen much to admire in the Turk, and nothing (with the one exception at Etropol) to despise.

The Turkish soldier was seen by us under all circumstances—in comfort, in misery, after victory, after defeat; but he retained always the same quiet manner, showing neither elation nor despondency. His valour is matched by his marvellous patience under suffering, and we have sometimes wondered whether the Turks feel as much pain as other races. If they do not, it may perhaps be accounted for by their great abstemiousness both in animal food and strong drinks, and this probably lessens the tendency to the inflammation of wounds. Their power of abstention from meat is most important in a military point of view, as it greatly lessens the work of the commissariat and transport, which are generally ineffective. They are entirely worked by arabs drawn by oxen, whose average rate of progress is never more than

two miles an hour. Turkish soldiers will thrive well on biscuit for days even under the most severe exposure. They are thus enabled to carry rations sufficient for several days, and in this manner perform marches regardless of the commissariat department.

We had many opportunities of finding out the true feeling of Bulgarians and Turks towards one another, and although there is no doubt that a mutual and now deadly hatred exists, it is equally true that before the former were incited to rebellion by Russian intrigue they led a happy and peaceful life. They had a certain local government of their own communities, were furnished with good schools, enjoyed religious toleration, and were in possession of the most fertile lands of Europe, giving them the comfort and riches which they chiefly desired. Discontent of some kind no doubt existed, otherwise Russian intrigue could not have incited them to rebel. Unquestionably also the Turks crushed the revolt with an iron hand, and massacres were perpetrated with equal ferocity by both sides. All this is a matter of history. When these deeds of passion are denounced, our historical conscience should not be blinded to the good qualities of the Turkish soldier. Since the days of Othman or Mahomet II. no greater valour has been shown on the field of battle than in the present campaign. The ruling pachas, corrupted by the curses of polygamy and domestic slavery, have lost many qualities of a governing caste; but the Turkish people still remain simple and uncorrupted. It will be a cruel and unjust judgment of Europe if the Turks as a race be sacrificed because their governors have failed in the duties of civil government. When a whole race still shows truth, honour, courage, and sobriety as the special attributes of their character, there exists ample foundation for reform, and the political extinction of such a people would be a crime against humanity.

G. J. PLAYFAIR.

## DR. WILLIAM STOKES OF DUBLIN :

## A PERSONAL SKETCH.

WHEN I first came to know William Stokes, in 1858, his house had been for years the resort of all the intellect, of all the wit, and of all the learning, which Ireland possessed. His fame brought all foreign visitors of literary note with introductions to see him. He kept open house, and, in addition to his large family, some learned foreigner, or some stray country wit, could be met almost daily at his simple but most hospitable table. He became acquainted with me accidentally, through one of his sons; but as soon as he saw that I was a very lonely student in Trinity College, with no relations and very few friends in Dublin, his kindness prompted him to ask me constantly to his charming country house by the sea-side. So I came to know him and talk with him, and learn from him perhaps more than many of the students in his hospital. We would constantly walk together over the heather and through the woods on the beautiful hill of Howth; and as he was urging me to study medicine, he used to stimulate my curiosity in that direction by conversations upon the treatment of fever, of nervous disorders, of chest complaints, in which all the large and interesting points were brought out, and all the unpleasant details skilfully omitted or subdued. These serious topics were often aptly illustrated by wonderful anecdotes of his practice among the wild gentry of the west before the famine times, when the romantic accessories of the story would lead him to wander from medicine into pictures of old Irish life, which he painted with the power and truth of a Walter Scott.

He never hurried himself in walking or talking, and often, in the midst

of a summer tempest of rain, would stop deliberately, take out his snuff-box, enjoy a large pinch of snuff, and then proceed to the point of his story, while the rain was streaming from our hats; for he never carried an umbrella, and used even to laugh at the genus of the *umbrellifera*, as he called them. At dinner he would not sit at the head of the table or carve any dish, but devote himself wholly to conversation, seconded by a very brilliant and witty family circle. If his guests were particularly sober, and prim, he would often astonish and mystify them with the most outlandish and violent theories; his children would act their part perfectly in seriously supporting him, until the stranger would set himself to refute or correct him. Then he would put forth all his marvellous subtlety and learning, and invent the most wonderful arguments in support of his extravagant paradox. In the evening he would either hear music—especially national Irish music—of which he was passionately fond, though he understood but little about it, or on gala nights he would act in charades, when his curious solemn face, and his wonderful wit, would elicit roars of laughter. He was particularly fond of acting the part of an old woman of the lower classes, though I have seen him appear even as a young lady in fashionable attire. Perhaps the reader will think these things unworthy of notice; but if this sketch is worth anything, it must attempt a true picture of the man as the writer knew him, and he knew him not in his work, but in his leisure.

In his consulting-room in Dublin he was a very different being—grave and solemn; nay, even so gloomy that

many patients read in his face their coming doom, while he may have been thinking of something far removed from the case before him. He had a habit of making long pauses before he answered, and then making a remark wholly irrelevant to the question; and this he often did intentionally, in order to baffle indiscreet inquiry. Those who knew him got accustomed to this trait, but to strangers it often appeared somewhat absurd; yet, while he seemed least occupied and least attentive, he was probably making some careful and practical observation on the case or the character before him. Sometimes he was studying the comical side of the matter; and when a friend would come in upon him, and interrupt his solemn work, he would burst into great fits of laughter at the scene in which he had been acting a grave and doleful part. Yet he was naturally inclined to melancholy when brought in contact with pain and suffering, and had so low an estimate of what medicine could do, and so deep an experience of the possibilities of disease, that he was wont to take a gloomy view of his cases, and apprehend serious consequences with more clearness than those whose vision was less acute.

Probably he would not have sustained his enormous work for nearly fifty years, had he not obtained complete rest and relaxation by that delight in drollery, that intermittent exuberance of almost childish spirits, which marked him when associating with his intimates. At his retreat on Howth he would organise a pig hunt or a tournament on donkeys, and perform as warden of the course on a hobby-horse. In fact, as Cicero ventures to confess of the great Scipio and his friends—"Non audeo dicere de talibus viris, sed tamen ita solet narrare Sævola, conchas eos et umbilicos ad Caietam et ad Laurentum legere consuesse, et ad omnem animi remissionem ludumque descendere."

But even in his wildest relaxation one could see how his habits of accu-

rate and careful observation never left him. He was always studying the characters of his dogs, and speaking of them with the greatest seriousness as his personal friends; and it was remarkable how even the dogs of his friends felt his sympathy, and liked him better than they liked the inmates of their own houses. In his very last days, when he could only move about in a chair, he had a flock of pigeons so tamed about him, that they were constantly under his eye, and he was noting minutely their habits and ways.

This quality must have been what chiefly raised him above his fellows in the medical profession. He seemed from his own recollections to have received very little education. He was indeed the son of a very able but eccentric man, who was greatly esteemed by the leading Irishmen of his day—Lord Plunket, for example, calling him "the very best man he had ever met." But though Stokes was the son of a very remarkable father, who must of course have influenced him in many ways, his schooling was neglected and imperfect, for he frequently spoke of having walked away from school, on his very first day, never to return, after having drawn blood by sending a slate at his master's head. The sight of the blood trickling down the man's face (who had struck him without cause) made a strong and undying impression upon him, and I have often heard him describe it, with graphic detail, to a delighted audience of boys. His next school, he used to tell us, was lying in the fields reading his Latin grammar, with his head pillowed on the neck of a red cow. He never received a university education, and to the end of his life produced the impression of being a self-taught man. He always spoke with the greatest affection and respect of Dr. Alison of Edinburgh, to whom he was sent to study medicine; and this was the only serious and suggestive teaching he seems to have received.



But as soon as he returned to Dublin, at the age of twenty-three, and was appointed (I suppose by his father's influence) physician to the Meath Hospital, his genius and his ardour for knowledge raised him above all his rivals. His talent for diagnosis made him celebrated, and from that day, until his faculties faded from him, and he became the mere wreck of his great self, he occupied the first position not only as a physician, but as a literary man. He did not indeed write very correctly or elegantly, for he had received no special literary training; but everything which he wrote, even outside the field of medicine, bore the impress of a powerful and original mind. His life of Petrie showed very remarkable literary capacities, and is far more interesting and better conceived than most biographies written by professed authors. His opening addresses at the Meath Hospital, all of them on large topics, and most of them on the advantages of that general education which he had neglected in his youth, are full of fruitful suggestions, and very striking for their broad views and generous spirit. To his pupils his influence was stimulating beyond description, and this virtue in him was shown in his family, all of whom he contrived to urge to perpetual diligence and self-culture, while he was ever recommending holydays, and extolling recreation. The same may be said of the young friends whom he loved to see about him, many of whom date their first inspiration for work, and disgust for idleness, to the influence of his refined and literary home. There are those too who have confessed that his spirit turned them from the vices and follies of youth, and led them to a serious and honourable view of their duties amid the temptations of a college career. And yet he never preached sermons, or gave any formal moral advice. He was far too subtle and original a teacher to follow so well-beaten and idle a track. Nor was this stimulating

influence confined to the young. On the topics which he touched, he made all those around him rise above themselves, and do greater and better work. Thus the remarkable researches of George Petrie both on the antiquities and the music of Ireland would never have seen the light but for the constant pressure and encouragement of William Stokes, who, though he was neither a musician nor an artist, felt the beauty of artistic work with a keenness and a tenderness beyond the depth of ordinary men. In this way he was a great schoolmaster to all those about him—a man who might have been a great scholastic head, just as his powers of observation might have made him one of the first naturalists of his time. But though he was full of sympathy for talent, totally void of jealousy, and generous to a fault, he had a singular hatred for stupidity, and above all for that pretentious stupidity which consists in gathering and repeating useless details. I remember sitting beside him at dinner, when a scientific man of this kind was boring us with his talk. He turned to me, and said with emphasis: "There is one golden rule of conversation—*know nothing accurately.*" And this rule he always observed himself, except where the interest actually lay in minute and careful description; then nothing could exceed the life-like picturesqueness of his language.

There are men whose works speak their whole genius, and whom it is disenchanting to meet, for they have little personality outside their writings, which seem to absorb all that is great and good in them. But there are others whose published thoughts are as nothing compared with the influence they exercise upon those around them, and whose books are very unsatisfying to those who have the privilege of their personal friendship. This is exceptionally true of William Stokes, who was indeed the greatest physician in Ireland, whose books on the chest and heart have been for a generation

standard books all over the world,<sup>1</sup> but who was a far greater man than all these things signify, and whom strangers will never know and estimate at his true value. He was the very highest and best type of an Irishman, with the earnestness and the carelessness, the melancholy and the fun, the shrewdness and the romance, the diligence and the want of thrift of that unstable race, all combined and conflicting in his nature. He represented moreover another combination which nowadays might be thought a contradiction, but which was the leading feature in the very remarkable society about him; I mean the society led by Graves, Todd, Ferguson, Petrie, Wilde, and Reeves. These men were thorough patriots, who spent all their leisure studying their country and promoting her interests, while at the same time they were the most loyal subjects, and had no sympathy, or rather had a profound contempt for the noisy policy of exhibiting a love of Ireland by railing against England. This was the more remarkable in Stokes because he had a curious contempt for the Saxons, as he called them, from a social point of view. I mean of course the Saxons collectively, for no man had better or more revered friends in England. But if a plum-pudding were put on the table, he would call it a low Saxon importation. If a charming English girl married a vulgar, forward Irishman (a frequent occurrence) and we wondered at it, he would say: "My dear fellow, you are stumbling upon a great truth. *The Saxon has no power of diagnosis.*" And still more frequently, when he came in contact with pig-headed English rulers in Ireland, who thought to understand the people in six months, and then govern them by blue-book

and red-tape, he would sum up his account of a long interview with a sigh, a pinch of snuff, and the remark: "The poor Saxon beast, he has no light!" So it happened, that though Stokes was all his life a staunch Tory, even the men of '48—Davis and Mangan and their comrades—all knew him and loved him, and felt that they had in some respects his sincere sympathy. There were indeed few people who were not attracted by the largeness of his heart and the quick response of his overflowing sympathy. He knew every one in Ireland who was worth knowing; he had made the acquaintance of many of them in those hours of distress which bring men close together in a few hours, and make them form ties which years will not dissolve. Thus he had a knowledge of Irish life and habits which he was always bringing out in strange anecdotes and wonderful records of family histories. The mine of this sort of experience which has died with him is really inestimable.

It is perhaps well that he never took an active part in politics, for he was too fond of his friends, and perhaps the greatest weakness in him was his over partiality for those whom he loved. He seldom, as I have said, could tolerate a goose, but if he did, it was only by making it a swan. His great influence was therefore in danger of being exercised in favour of men who might be unworthy of it, and it was well known that he would strain a point in favour of a friend. He used even to boast that the chief use of having influence was to obtain good things for the "poor devils" who could not get on by themselves. So also his dislikes, though generally based on some acute observations which escaped the notice of others, seemed very strong, and were often expressed in picturesquely vehement language; nor would he tolerate any defence of the men whom he reviled with comic exaggeration. Thus I have heard him finish a portrait with these words: "God Almighty had originally

<sup>1</sup> I have heard a Californian doctor, fresh from the West, beg to be introduced to him as the Bacon of modern medicine. I have heard a Greek doctor, in the wilds of Arcadia, and who did not know how to pronounce his name, say that all his knowledge was derived from the works of Stokes.

intended him to be disgusting, *but he has outdone Him.*" Yet all this vehemence expended itself in confessions to his friends. He never quarrelled with any one, and though he may have avoided or treated with indifference those whom he disliked, he had not, so far as I know, a single personal enemy.

His later years were clouded with great sorrows, which dimmed the brightness of his wit and saddened his once brilliant spirits. He was indeed all through life subject to fits of deep depression, for his sympathies were far too keen, and his nature far too sensitive, to admit of the equable cheeriness of vulgar minds. But these periods of depression increased as one member of his family after another was taken from him, and as he felt that the acuteness of his perceptive faculties—the source of his masterly diagnosis—was on the wane. At last a fall from a car, as he was hurrying on an errand of charity, laid the seeds of the fatal complaint which gradually stole from him the use of his limbs, and reduced him to his chair and his fireside. Even then, when his intellect was failing, and his wit had well-nigh departed, he still retained that wonderful tenderness which made all the little children of the neighbourhood gather round "Grandpapa Stokes," and solace with

their love and their cheerfulness the weary days which passed while he was consciously waiting for his end. But his vigorous constitution cost him a fierce struggle for life at the close, and made his death a relief from hopeless misery.

His books have perpetuated his labour. His talents are still represented by his children, more than one of whom had already shown flashes of hereditary fire. His very form—his massive brow, his thoughtful, kindly face—is preserved, not only in an admirable earlier portrait by Burton, but in Foley's later statue, perhaps the most perfect of all the works of that great artist. His lifelong teaching and example have their permanent effect upon the general culture and social position of his profession in Ireland. Yet, to those who knew and loved him in bygone days, all these large legacies seem but a small remnant of the wealth of the man.<sup>1</sup>

J. P. MAHAFFY.

<sup>1</sup> I have avoided in this sketch all such details as may be gathered from a professed memoir, and which may be found in a trustworthy paper which appeared in the *Dublin University Magazine* some three years ago. But the dates of a man's birth and death, the catalogue of his distinctions, and the names of his ancestors, are after all of little interest, and of less importance, in a case like the present.

## THE REFORM PERIOD IN RUSSIA.

(Continued from p. 170.)

A VERY interesting account might be written of the various bodies of emigrants who for political reasons have left their native land, sometimes to have nothing more to do with it, like the settlers in Virginia and the Scotchmen who, after 1715 and 1745, took service in Russia, Prussia, and Poland; sometimes to conspire against it, like the followers of Prince Charles and the *émigrés* of the French revolutionary period; sometimes to conspire in its favour, like the Irish of the Irish Legions in France and the Poles who came to London and to Paris in such numbers after the insurrection of 1830, and again after the lesser rising of 1863. Then there is the Russian emigration, the latest, by far the least numerous, but not the least powerful of them all. No other emigrant ever exercised so much influence in the country he had quitted as Mr. Herzen exercised in Russia from the beginning of the reform agitation by which the first announcements on the subject of serf-emancipation were speedily followed, to the collapse produced by the Polish insurrection of 1863, which, enjoying as it did the worse than useless favour of European diplomacy, drove Russians of all classes and creeds to give unconditional support to their own government. It can be seen, too, from the official reports of the State trial, now taking place at St. Petersburg, that, since Herzen's death, Bakounin, a far less powerful writer, but a more determined conspirator, has, living in Switzerland, been the moving spirit of the revolutionary organisations with which the surface of all Russia seems to have been covered. There were emigrants and literary emigrants from Russia before Herzen's time. But the books they pub-

lished on Russia and Russian affairs were written chiefly for foreigners; and in Nicholas's time it would have been both difficult and useless to introduce into Russia works aiming at the subversion of the existing state of things. Owing to the enormous cost of foreign passports, and the rarity with which they were granted, the number of Russians visiting foreign parts was very small. Nor were foreigners encouraged to visit Russia. Nor were the communications between Russia and Western Europe by any means so easy, in a material sense, as they have since become. Nor, above all, was Russian soil ready to receive such seed as Mr. Herzen was prepared to sow, and which he sowed with effect when the rigidity of the Nicholas system at last came to an end.

Before any change had been effected in the written laws of the Empire, when the peasants were still in a condition of serfdom, when the old judicial system was still in force, and when no announcement had, as yet, been made on the subject of the local assemblies afterwards to be formed, it could already be seen, from various external signs, that affairs in Russia were no longer the same as in Nicholas's time, or in the period immediately following the accession of Alexander II. More newspapers were about, and in 1861 journals of all kinds were on sale at the railway stations, which had not been the case in 1857. In 1856 and 1857 a soldier, meeting an officer in the street, halted, took off his cap, and remained uncovered (sometimes, it would seem, at the risk of catching a violent cold), until the officer had passed. In 1861 soldiers saluted officers as in other countries, without halting and without

uncovering. In 1857 a gentleman paying a morning or afternoon visit to a lady, was expected, under pain of passing for an ill-bred and grossly familiar person, to appear in evening clothes. In 1861 he could dress on such occasions as in other countries. In 1857 it was absolutely necessary to put on evening clothes in order to be admitted into the picture gallery of the Hermitage, for was not the Hermitage a palace? In 1861 this rule was no longer in force. In 1857 smoking in the streets of St. Petersburg was forbidden. In 1861 it was permitted, or at least tolerated. In 1857, at Moscow, if not at the more cosmopolitan St. Petersburg, only the lowest of the low would ride in an omnibus: Russian omnibuses at that period were indeed of primitive and slightly facetious construction. In 1861 Russian omnibuses were no longer open vehicles, consisting of two long benches placed back to back, and separated by a high partition: they were of ordinary make, and it was no longer a disgrace (at least not at St. Petersburg) to be seen in one. In the passport offices the clerks of the year 1857 used to take bribes quite openly, in the form of paper-money, conveniently folded in the document to which their signature was required. In 1861 I learned that it was neither necessary nor desirable, nor even, in some cases, polite to offer bribes at random. In 1857 the post-office clerks at Moscow used to lend their friends the English illustrated papers before sending them out to be delivered to the persons who had subscribed for them. In 1861 this curious but not unamiable practice had been abandoned. In 1857 officers travelling by the St. Petersburg-Moscow railway did not pay for their tickets, or rather dispensed altogether with them; and many civilians, after travelling the whole distance, bought tickets only at the last station for presentation at the terminus. Others with a third-class

ticket travelled first class. Every one cheated the railway, which belonged at that time to the government; and every one gave the guard a rouble or so, according to the extent of the fraud connived at. The guards were honest men in the style of those moderately severe Russian officials who, in the words of Gogol, do not "steal too much for their place." Thus a guard who had been properly bribed, always mentioned the fact to the guard who replaced him at a certain point in the journey; upon which this other guard, in the fairest manner, did not expect to be bribed again. In 1861 the St. Petersburg-Moscow railway having now passed into the hands of a company, every traveller paid the appointed price for his place, according to the class in which he proposed to travel. The guards apparently received a salary, but they could no longer make a fortune as their predecessors were reported to have done.

There was less rigidity then in some things, and there was less laxity in others. Visiting Russia a third time in 1864, I found matters the same externally in that year as in 1861 and 1862. But the change even in the outward aspect of things between the years 1857 and 1861 was very remarkable and very significant. The insurrectionary movement in Poland, which, eighteen months later, was to put an end to the reform movement in Russia, had not as yet caused the Russians any anxiety. The Russians, indeed, hoped to profit by it; for, with a view of allaying the agitation, concessions were being made to Poland, which, it was felt, must sooner or later be extended to Russia. For this reason the Russian Liberals would have been glad to see the constitution of 1815 restored to Poland. No one in Russia thought at that time that the Poles would actually rise; and many, finding that Poland was to have a separate Council of State, and that the University of Warsaw was to be restored, and that certain



elective assemblies were to be formed, flattered themselves that the end of it would be the introduction of a constitutional system first into Poland, and afterwards into Russia generally.

Thus, after passing several months in various parts of Poland, I found, on arriving at St. Petersburg, no trace of bitterness against the Poles, except, indeed, among a few of the severer kind of officers, who objected to anarchy in all forms and under all conditions. Mr. Katkoff, editor of the *Russian Messenger* and of the *Moscow Gazette*, who attacked the Poles so bitterly when the insurrection had broken out and was being supported by Western diplomacy, wrote nothing against them as long as they only asked for concessions of which the last word was known to be the constitution of 1815. Mr. Aksakoff, whose name has since become so well known in connection with the Slavonic Committee of Moscow, denied, like all Russians, the right of the Poles to Lithuania and the other provinces of ancient Poland annexed by Russia, in which the majority of the inhabitants are not of Polish descent; but, like the moderate-liberal *Russian Messenger* and the extreme-liberal *Contemporary*, he was in favour of granting the fullest liberty to the Poles of the kingdom of Poland, even to the extent of abandoning the country to them altogether. Then, as now, the Akasakoffs attached great importance to the principle of nationality and supreme importance to the principle of Slavonian unity. They also, in their Slavonian organ the *Day*, regarded all questions from what they considered a high moral point of view. The Polish claims to Kieff and Smolensk were described as "mad," and not only "quite mad, but immoral in the highest sense of the word, being based upon possession gained by force and directed against the freedom of the people." But "judging with all severity the Polish claims to Kieff and Smolensk, we should sin against logical sense were we to deny the legitimacy of their patriotism in regard to Posen,

Cracow, and Warsaw. If the Austrians and Prussians have not had conscientiousness vouchsafed to them sufficiently acute to enable them to understand in what relation they stand to the Polish people, we can boast of the special mercy of God in that respect, so that we are made to feel every falling-off from the moral law; to feel every, even the smallest, departure from rectitude, and, accordingly, that much of it which our historical lot has assigned to us in connection with Poland. . . .

"As for the annexation of the kingdom of Poland, Russia granted it a constitution; and Polish nationality, by the way, owes its very existence to that incapacity of ours which, as we have said, forms our moral merit in history. If any fault can be charged against us, it is to be found in our having supported the ambitious claims of our neighbours, and having consented to the subjection of a free Slavonian race to foreigners. But, on the whole, Russia was less in fault than either of the other Powers as regards the destruction and partition of Poland, though, as a moral country, she feels more deeply than either of them whatever injustice there was in the affair. From this it is clear, that for the peace of our national conscience it is absolutely necessary to give freedom and power to the moral principle, and to manage to get to the truth as to our relations towards the Poles. . . . We will allow ourselves a supposition. Supposing we were to step out of Poland and take our stand on our own Russian boundaries? Firmly protecting the latter, we could then be patient and impartial witnesses of the internal struggles and labours of Poland. Undoubtedly that would be not only morally pure, but even generous on our part. Continuing our supposition, let us ask, would the Poles have enough strength to create anything good and lasting, and would their neighbourhood be injurious to us? . . .

"If the Poles, carried away by their

political ambition, should overstep their boundaries and invade us, they would meet not only unremitting resistance from the people, but would give us a full moral right to punish their unlawfulness and destroy the cause of wrongful bloodshed. But if the Poles are capable of being re-born, of repenting of their historical mistakes, and will take their stand as a peaceful Slavonian people, then, certainly, the Russian people would be glad to see in them kind, friendly neighbours. However we think that, in any case, Poland herself, after some years, would try to re-unite itself—this time willingly and sincerely—to Russia. The wound in our body, so long and so painfully sore, would then, at last, be healed. Our social conscience would no longer be troubled by doubt, and the moral principle would fully triumph. Is it possible that this end cannot be attained by a peaceful and reasonable path? Can it be that the Poles, having forgotten the rule—*Respicere finem*—is it possible that they can only be brought to reason by incidents, and that no other proofs can reach them? We are convinced that, early or late, there will be the closest, fullest, and most sincere union of Slavonian Poland with Slavonian Russia. The course of history leads undeniably thereto. And would it not be better, in the sight of such an unavoidable historical conclusion, to look forward and remove all causes of animosity and misfortune, and, willingly confessing and repenting mutually of our historical sins, join together in a brotherly and intimate union against our general enemies—ours and of all Slavonians."

The *Dyen* (*Day*) was ultimately suppressed. Not that the Aksakoffs and their Slavophil followers entertained then, any more than now, direct revolutionary tendencies. But their independent spirit might in itself be regarded as a danger; and the principle of nationality so constantly and so energetically affirmed by them had much affinity with the

better understood principle of democracy. The Slavophiles are anti-German, anti-bureaucratic, and, in their thoroughly Slavonian Russia of the future, would found everything on the communal institutions of the peasantry, who alone in Russia are held to have maintained in perfect purity the sacred traditions of Slavonian life. Seeing in Russia the hope of all other Slavonian countries, the Aksakoffs would, for that reason alone, have been opposed to everything that threatened the existence and prosperity of Russia as a state. They could have no sympathy, then, with Mr. Herzen's views. Herzen was delighted, nevertheless, with the *Day*, and saluted its editors as *nos amis les ennemis*.

With all its strength the Russian colossus has many points of weakness: and the Russian emigrants in London, who aimed at nothing less than the complete destruction of the state, saw allies in the Slavophiles, with their strong feeling of nationality, in the religious dissidents (whose supposed interests were at one time looked after in London by Mr. Kelsieff), in the peasantry who, it was hoped, would show themselves dissatisfied with the results of the Law of Emancipation, and in the Poles. An insurrection of peasants did, in fact, take place in the government of Kazan soon after the publication of the Law of February, 1861, headed by an impostor named Anton Petroff, who called himself the Emperor, and assured the peasants that the land which the Law required them to redeem had been made over to them unconditionally. But Petroff was shot, and the peasants generally showed more intelligence and more moderation than their pretended friends had credited them with.

Towards the end of 1861 the revolutionary party found—or perhaps created—a new support in a sudden passion for establishing popular schools, which seized upon officers, professors, students, and the educated classes generally in St. Petersburg. There was much that was admirable in this

movement, and it was not every one who, in undertaking to teach soldiers and workmen to read and write, did so with the sole motive of instructing them in the principles of revolution. In the autumn of 1861 an officer to whom I was speaking of the change which, having just arrived at St. Petersburg, I had noticed in the appearance and demeanour of the Russian soldier, told me that more important changes were taking place than those which I might have observed in the attitude, no longer slavish, of the soldier in presence of his chiefs. "Come to the Military School," he said, "next Sunday, and you will see something that will perhaps surprise you."

At the Military School, as at the School of Artillery, and several other military establishments and barracks—almost everywhere, in fact, where soldiers were quartered—Sunday classes had been formed. The officers acted as teachers, and the soldiers under their guidance learned reading, writing, arithmetic, and in some cases geometrical drawing. The rooms were hung round with maps and plans; and the soldiers, writing at their desks or grouped round instructors, seemed industrious and attentive. I was told that they had a great desire to learn, and learned very quickly. I visited three of these schools at which officers had transformed themselves into Sunday-school teachers; and I was intimate enough with some of the teachers to be able to ask them the true meaning of this rage on the part of officers for improving the mental and moral condition of their men. After several conversations on the subject, I came to the conclusion that the officers who taught in the Sunday-schools were animated by a sincere desire to benefit the soldiers. They did not forget, however, that the cordial relations they were establishing with them would secure for them an influence of a new kind. The Russian soldier was formerly in mortal terror of his officer. He obeyed him; but there could be no question of entering into

his ideas and sharing his views. The officers who taught in the Sunday-schools wished to gain the intelligent sympathy of their men; and not perhaps with a view to the requirements of the service alone. They were all liberals, and often of a very "advanced" type. But who in Russia was not a liberal during the years 1861 and 1862, from the publication, that is to say, of the emancipation edict, with the ideas of social and political regeneration which it called forth (and with the hopes of a general subversion of the political structure which to some minds it also suggested) until the violent reaction suddenly brought about by the Polish insurrection?

The liberalism of the military Sunday-school teachers was thought, in any case, to be of too practical a kind; and the schools, after being for a time looked upon by the superior authorities with a certain favour, were in the end closed. The Governor-General of St. Petersburg and the principal police officials had disapproved of them from the first.

While the military Sunday-schools of St. Petersburg were still in existence, a well-known professor of the Moscow University assured me that they were "hot-beds of revolution." No proofs on the subject were ever publicly produced; and some said that it was from suspicion of the teachers, others that it was from discoveries made as to the character of the books used that the determination to close the Sunday-schools proceeded.

Censors in despotic states have often been ridiculed for seeking, and even discovering revolutionary ideas in the most harmless publications. But revolutionary writers have shown equal ingenuity in introducing their ideas into the most unlikely works, such as spelling-books, primers, picture-books, and the like. I was assured in 1861, by a person who ought to have been well informed on such points, that a Russian revolutionary cookery-book had been brought out, in which directions

for preparing dishes were varied by reflections on liberty. School-books and manuals on ordinary subjects pass the censorship in ordinary times easily enough; and once marked with the official stamp of approbation, they can be sold without danger, however doubtful their contents. Many of the revolutionary picture-books had not passed the censorship at all. In these cases, the revolutionary matter had been put into an attractive and seemingly innocent form, with the view of getting it swallowed by the peasantry.

In ordinary reading circles, every author seemed at that time to be tested by the degree of "liberalism" contained in his writings. A young Russian officer who had been reading Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War* told me that what he chiefly admired in that work (admirable for so many reasons) was the "daring manner in which the author spoke of the Emperor Nicholas." I heard Macaulay praised by Russians on the ground of his eminent merit as a "liberal" writer. A Russian young lady, whom I recommended to read *Christie Johnstone*, wanted to know whether in that charming tale the author expressed "liberal opinions." Liberalism found its way even into the pictures of the period; and in the Exhibition of 1861 the patience of the poor was freely contrasted with the overbearing nature of the rich, while the subject of one painting, which gained for its author a gold medal, was the death of a Polish exile on his way to Siberia.

The public was sometimes more ingenious than the censorship itself in perceiving hidden meanings. The censorship, on the other hand, found, now and then, the most curious mare's-nests; and I was myself deprived in 1862, by the Moscow censorship for books introduced from abroad of a legendary work on the subject of Twardowski, the Polish Faust, because it pleased the too ingenious censors to believe that Twardowski was an impersonation of Poland and Mephistopheles an impersonation of Russia.

Just when the passion for teaching at Sunday-schools had reached its height some disturbances of a significant kind broke out at the University of St. Petersburg. The effect of lowering the fees and of removing the limitation on the number of students had been to draw hundreds of young men to the universities who were just able, and, in some cases, not quite able to support themselves. Exhibitions were founded in the interest of these latter; and it became the custom to deliver lectures and to get up concerts, at which the principal singers in St. Petersburg were expected to give their services gratuitously, for the benefit of poor students. The students maintained a fund among themselves and themselves administered it. Now it had occurred to a newly-appointed Minister of Public Instruction, Count Putiatin, an admiral just arrived from Japan, that the fees at the universities ought to be raised and the fund for the benefit of the poor students suppressed. Count Putiatin was declared by some of his friends to be a great admirer of English institutions, and it had perhaps struck him that Russian universities ought to be in some measure assimilated to English universities. It certainly, however, had appeared to the Government that there was some danger in giving a superior education to a number of young men who had no means of their own and who, if they failed to make a career, would find themselves altogether "unclassed;" too proud to return to their original position, incapable of making a new position for themselves. As a matter of fact, the secret societies of the last few years have been largely recruited from among university students, especially such as had no particular future before them. It does not thence follow that in Russia, where the educated class is so small compared to the entire population, great facilities for education should not be offered; and in any case the new regulations introduced by Count Putiatin caused great dissatisfaction on the part of

the students as a body, followed by meetings, the sending of deputations, and at last by demonstrations of a public character, with active repression on the part of the troops, numerous arrests, and the closing of the university.

What had happened at the University of St. Petersburg happened soon afterwards at that of Moscow, and indeed at all the universities of the empire. Thus every university in Russia was for a time shut up.

After the closing of the universities, the university professors (at least in St. Petersburg) gave gratuitous lectures at a hall selected for the purpose; and these were largely attended by students and others, who in every lecture found some pretext for a political demonstration. Several professors, instead of lectures, delivered exciting speeches. But even those who kept strictly to the subject they had engaged to treat found themselves exposed to applause which some of them would gladly have dispensed with. A professor who had been lecturing, not on a political, but on a politico-economical subject, was listened to in silence until, speaking of state finance, he happened to say that, among the various qualifications for a finance-minister, that of honesty must of course be included. The remark was not and could not be intended to carry with it any personal allusion. But the students fancied that an attack was meant on an important official personage, and the professor was loudly cheered in consequence. The involuntary object of this homage told me that all the lectures were listened to chiefly with a view to the political allusions and the expressions of "liberalism" which it was hoped they would contain; and after a time the gratuitous lectures by university professors, like the universities and the Sunday-schools, were closed by superior order. One of the lecturers, Professor Pavloff, was sent to Siberia.

Signs of the newly-awakened spirit

next manifested themselves in the Assemblies of the Nobility, which were held, early in 1862 at Moscow, St. Petersburg, Toula, Tver Smolensk, and in all the large provincial towns (chief towns of "governments"), throughout Russia. At that time it could scarcely have been known in the west of Europe—probably many persons are unaware of it even now—that an organisation already existed in Russia by which large bodies of landowners could communicate their views in a direct manner to the Crown. Such an organisation, however, had existed since the days of Catherine. It is true that but little advantage was taken of it. Under the Emperor Nicholas, as in preceding reigns, the Russian nobles went quietly enough to Siberia when they were sent there, often without trial, sometimes without formal accusation. Nor was any attempt made to procure the replacement of mere arbitrary rule by a system of legality, except, indeed, from time to time through the medium of a conspiracy. For the most part the attitude of the Russian nobles was that of courtiers, content if now and then they received from their sovereign a decoration or a smile. They consoled themselves, perhaps, with the reflection that if they belonged to the Emperor, their serfs belonged to them—much as the serfs were said to revel in the idea that if they were their master's property, the land they cultivated was their own.

Under the Emperor Nicholas, the nobles used to meet in their assemblies once every three years to elect judges (a bad system, which the judicial reforms introduced in 1864 did away with) and "marshals," whose duty it was to represent the wants of their fellow nobles to the sovereign. It is said that in practice the marshals of the nobility were only expected to give good entertainments.

With the emancipation of the peasantry, the nobles or landed proprietors found themselves placed in a new position, which was thus expressed



at the time:—"A new class of free peasants, possessing a perfect system of self-government in the village communes, was being formed beneath them; a class numbering 23,000,000, in presence of which the nobility, with its merely nominal privileges, must in time lose all prestige, unless endowed with a sufficient amount of political power to enable it to keep its natural place at the head of society." It had to choose, moreover, between retaining certain exemptions, of no real importance, but calculated to excite the envy of other classes, and resigning these privileges while demanding rights for the nation in general.

When the time had arrived for the assemblies to be held, Mr. Valouieff, the Minister of the Interior, to prevent them from going too far in their demands, and also by way of paying them a certain amount of respect, gave them five questions to consider, and while asking for replies to these particular inquiries, begged them not to send any formal address to the Emperor. The Assemblies, however, of Moscow, St. Petersburg, Tver, Toula and Smolensk, all voted addresses, in which the formation of a national representative legislative assembly was expressly demanded; not with the view of limiting the Tsar's power, but on the ground that under the existing system the true wants of the country were not known and could not be ascertained.

"In every rank of society," said the address voted by the Moscow nobility, "there is some sort of departure from law, and, in their true meaning, the laws are not observed. Neither persons nor property have any protection against the will of the administration. Classes have risen one against another, and the enmity between them grows greater and greater in consequence of individual discontent, together with a general fear of a pecuniary catastrophe from a government financial crisis, indicated already by the instability of the unit of reckoning, an utter absence of credit, and, finally, by a multiplicity

of false rumours which convulse the public mind. Such, in a few words, is the present state of things, and the Moscow nobility thinks it its duty to address the Emperor on the subject. The corner-stone on which all these evils rested—the right of holding serfs—has been taken away and destroyed, but much has yet to be done in order to reset the shaken edifice of the state on substantial foundations. To eradicate the bad, and to march in front, after its Emperor, in the path of peaceful reforms, such as shall satisfy the existing wants of society, restore a full measure of order, and avert, even in the future, all possible disturbances—this is the desire of the Moscow nobility; and it addresses its Emperor in all confidence, and submits to his gracious inspection the following measures as calculated to rescue the country from its present difficult position:—

"1. A greater extension to appointment by election in the government service, and also to local self-government. At the same time, there must be a more strict fulfilment of the law, not only by the subordinates, but also by the superior officials, with strict responsibility before the law for every one in the government service, each one being held accountable for his own actions.

"2. Protection for the rights of person and property of all the citizens of the Empire, through the introduction of oral evidence in judicial proceedings and of trial by jury.

"3. The termination of the present antagonistic attitude between nobles and peasants, through the compulsory and immediate apportionment of the land.

"4. The publication of the government debt and of the government revenue and expenditure, so that the public mind may be quieted as to the prospect of a financial crisis.

"5. The freest discussion in print concerning reforms of all kinds, in connection with the forthcoming economical and administrative reforms."

In an address voted unanimously by the nobles of the district assembly of Zvenigorod, in the Moscow government, the following passage occurred:—

"The only advice the nobles can offer to the government at the present juncture is that it should resort to the measure which has always been adopted in Russia in extreme cases both by the people and the Crown—namely, the formation at Moscow, the natural centre of the country, of a National Representative Assembly, chosen from all classes and from all parts of the Empire."

The addresses in favour of a constitution were left without notice; but the "five questions," as to judicial reforms, publication of the budget, increased liberty of the press, and the promotion of local assemblies, having elicited the answers which had, no doubt, been anticipated, these answers were, it might be said, taken into account in the laws on the mooted subjects which were already in preparation, and which were soon afterwards published.

At the conclusion of the war against Turkey will the reform agitation, and especially the agitation in favour of a constitution maintained with so much activity in 1861 and 1862, be revived? In connexion with the Alexander centenary, celebrated a few weeks since at St. Petersburg, a Russian paper pointed out that the sovereign whose memory was being honoured had, among other great feats, freed Europe from the tyranny of Napoleon and replaced in France the rule of a despot by a constitutional system of government. Perhaps the journalist wished his readers to infer that what was such a good thing for France would not be altogether a bad thing for Russia. That, as a matter of fact, was what many officers of Alexander's army thought on their return from France; and the military conspiracy which, at the end of 1825, took the form of open insurrection, was the natural consequence of Alexander's

victorious march from Moscow to Paris. The defeats in the Crimea led to much more important changes than any that were caused by the success of the Russian armies in Germany and France. But these were changes introduced from above and originating in a conviction on the part of the Government that the country was weak and must have its resources developed in every direction. The most important reforms, moreover, of the present reign were the natural consequence of serf-emancipation which, under Alexander I., when serfdom still existed without any immediate prospect of being abolished in Galicia, Hungary, and various parts of Germany, was not likely to be viewed as a measure of indispensable necessity for Russia. Failure in war has so often been followed by beneficial changes at home that some Russians, more liberal than patriotic, are said to have desired the defeat of the Russian armies in Turkey so that, in presence of popular discontent, and its own proved incapacity to conduct the affairs of the nation, the Government might feel itself called upon to go through the well-known form of "granting a constitution." Success in war proves, on the other hand, that the Government has at least been able to manage one important matter satisfactorily; and in the midst of the general joy of having vanquished an enemy the victorious nation may forget that in its own country there are a few things which it would do well to conquer.

It is scarcely possible, however, that the officers of the Russian army in European Turkey can return home without bringing back recollections of the superior advantages enjoyed by the Roumanians and Servians as compared with themselves. Tributary states as Roumania and Servia are, or hitherto have been, they are at the same time constitutional states governed by laws which have been made by their own national representatives in Parliament assembled. Much has been

said of late about the comfortable position of the Bulgarian peasantry, who are described as possessing material advantages which the Russians themselves are without. If the Bulgarians are placed in a similar position to that which, until the war broke out, belonged to Servia and Roumania, they will already, in a political point of view, be better off than the Russians, who not only do not make their own laws, which, practically, would matter very little if their laws were just, but are liable to be condemned under very unjust laws, and indeed without any law at all. It will certainly strike the Russians returning from the south as somewhat odd that the countries which they have done so much to liberate should be free with a freedom denied to their liberators. In Roumania and Servia the Chief of the State can take no important step without consulting the Chamber. In Russia the Chief of the State need not consult any one, and we have been recently told of an address voted to the Emperor Alexander by the Council of State, which was to have begun with the words: "Having learned, Sire, from the newspapers that Russia is at war," &c.

In Roumania and Servia the annual budget is presented to the Chamber for discussion and approval. In Russia the budget is published—for Russia learned some fifteen years ago what Turkey had learned a few years earlier, that not to publish a budget is to lose all chance of contracting a foreign loan; but the budget cannot, in Russia, for obvious reasons, be subjected to the examination and control which it would meet with at the hands of a legislative chamber. Nor is there any possibility in Russia of criticising the acts of ministers and officials, such as exists in the minor states which, as some say, have been dragged by Russia, but which, as a matter of fact, followed Russia very readily into the war against the Turks. Finally, the giant state Russia differs from the little states which she has

taken under her protection in that every Russian is liable by a simple administrative order—by a mere decree—to be arrested, imprisoned, confined to a particular spot, or sent to Siberia, without trial, accusation, or explanation of any kind; whereas in Servia and Roumania, as in other civilised states, people are neither accused nor punished without being brought to trial.

It is scarcely probable that after a war of liberation, engaged in under great difficulties, pursued at great sacrifices, the liberators will have the sad courage to go quietly home to remain in a state of political slavery, thanking Heaven that their *protégés* on the Danube are enjoying political freedom. It is rather to be expected that they will return in the mood of those Russian officers who had made the campaign of France, and of whom a reactionary diplomatist wrote, when a number of them had taken ship for the Baltic, that, in the interest of Russia, it could now only be hoped that they would all go to the bottom. Liberty in France was not, after all, a Russian invention. But liberty in Roumania and Servia is mainly, if not entirely, due to Russia. If Russia had never moved since 1815 in the Balkan Peninsula, there is every reason for supposing that both Servians and Roumanians would at this moment be directly under the power of the Turks.

It was a much easier thing, however, to establish constitutionalism in Servia and Roumania—it would be much easier now to establish constitutionalism in Bulgaria—than it would be to introduce anything of the kind into Russia. In these new little states the crown is accepted with conditions known and stipulated for beforehand. In Russia, power actually rests with the reigning sovereign, and it remains with him to say whether or not he will divest himself of a portion of it to intrust it to an assembly. Even if such an assembly existed, the Emperor might, if he thought fit, disregard its

decisions; so difficult is it to establish limited monarchy in countries where no means exist for keeping the monarch's power within bounds.

If an Emperor of Russia granted to his subjects the most perfect constitution ever devised, it would be open to him at any time to take it back, or, leaving it still in existence, to set it absolutely at naught. Nevertheless, a constitution, liable now and then to be violated, is better than no constitution at all; and a despotic sovereign, who accustoms himself, little by little, to share his responsibility with an assembly, may end by acquiring the habit permanently. He may find it convenient, and even safe, to refer questions to a representative body, through which the views and feelings of his subjects generally can be arrived at.

The mere formation of a representative debating society would not in itself be any guarantee for individual freedom in Russia; for such an institution might exist side by side with

the secret political police and the system of arbitrary arrests. But governments, like individuals, have often a conscience; and the right to criticise government acts—without which the existence of an assembly would be meaningless—would be a concession of real value. Many doubt as to whether the introduction of constitutional government into Russia would be of much benefit to the empire. There can be no question, however, as to whether it would be of advantage to Europe. Those energetic men who, during the last few years, have been cultivating disaffection and directing revolts in Turkey, or planning the destruction of Austria through a general Slavonian uprising, would, under a parliamentary system, have seats in the chamber, when, instead of directing their energies against the foreigner in the interest of Russian dominion, they would tear one another to pieces with a view to office.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

## BEFORE THE SNOW.

*After Albert Glatigny.*

WINTER is on us, but not yet the snow!  
 The hills are etched on the horizon, bare,  
 The skies are iron grey, a bitter air,  
 With meagre clouds that shudder as they go;  
 One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow  
 Like some new butterfly, unclassed and rare;  
 Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where  
 The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

Beyond lie church and steeple, and their old  
 And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer—  
 A sharper gust would shock them from their hold!  
 Yet up that path, in Maytime of the year,  
 And past that dreary ruined tower we strolled  
 To pluck wild strawberries with summer cheer!

A. LANG.

## ON NAVAL EDUCATION.

BY A NAVAL NOBODY.

ON naval education? Well! let the word pass, although it is on some branches of naval ignorance of which I am going to speak a few words here.

Let me see: what is our reputation as sailors? Of being good seamen, of prompt perception and action, of ready resource in unforeseen emergencies, of possessing a rare "common-sense," of dash and pluck in battle, of an open and hearty manner. A good list, truly! born of our physical education, of our manner of life on the sea, of the traditions of our gallant forefathers.

The world grants us this freely, and if the first of these qualities has lately somewhat suffered in public estimation, if the papers have seemed to enjoy the sensational reporting of "another iron-clad on shore," if sarcastic individuals have joked grimly over "England's submarine fleet," this is due to shore-people's ignorance of the changed conditions of service afloat—the change from "wooden-walls" to "coffer-dam-sided" ironclads, from harmless "cut-waters" to vicious "rams," from the pure breeze bellying a cloud of canvas overhead to the grease-laden breath from the engine-room below,—and there is no reason to suppose that, although with some ironclads the ocean has been their grave, the decks of others will not be "fields of fame" as gloriously as were ever those of the wooden walls of the olden days.

But it is not of these physical qualities which I would speak now, but of the mental education of our young naval officers; not the practical education appertaining to their profession in life, but that broader education which is due to the spirit of the age; not the science of seamanship or of warfare, but the sciences of peace-

ful knowledge—of geology, botany, natural history, and physics.

What is our reputation as regards these? What have we done to help them? The answer is—nothing!

The Navy is always called a "noble profession." And so it is, great and noble even to us who are its valets. To prepare ourselves, our sailors, our ships to defend England's first interests, to form our country's first line of defence is a noble work in the ideal and in the real. But there is a *but*! Is it a noble life to prepare, to educate, ourselves for nothing but this, for this *action*, this (let us hope) successful crowning of our life's work, which *may*, however, never come? And *en attendant*?

In the meantime what is our life? I know what naval life is, I know that it is one weary round of cut-and-dried routine and of drill; of "scrub hammocks," of "wash decks," of "clean wood- and brass-work," of "sweep decks," &c.; of one dead, level round of necessary discipline, varied by sleeping, eating, drinking, and smoking. And of reading, you ask? Well! no; we do *not* read much.

I am not speaking of exceptional cases. I am speaking of myself, of the general "ruck" of the Navy's youth, and I know that our life is not an ennobling one, that it does not raise us above the generally low level, and that in all matters of general culture and interest we are astoundingly ignorant.

If we were the butterflies of our country, if we had nothing on earth to do but to drive in T-carts, to dance the insipid old dances night after night, to shoot pheasants and grouse periodically, this would not be astonishing. If we are, generally speaking,



more intelligent than they, it is because we have been knocked about in a rough school; because from boyhood we have been forced out of *their* narrow life; because the whole world is to us what Europe only is to them—our playground; because to contrast men and manners is the natural outcome of our peculiar life. And this we owe to ourselves, not to those who are intrusted with our education.

Comparisons are odious. I call the butterflies—always generally speaking—part and parcel of the general low level of intelligence. I do not wish to compare ourselves with them. They are the drones and we the workers. They have their pockets lined, and we have them empty. They have their brains quite empty, and we—we *ought* to have them full. They have an excuse, and we have not. For the opportunities we have of storing our minds with knowledge, knowledge outside of our profession, are endless, daily and hourly, if but you, our pastors and masters, would give us the impulse of inquiry in our youth.

Let us glance at some subjects. Take, first, geology, and natural history.

A man-of-war visits an unknown country, say New Guinea. And what information do we bring back? Can we describe what the special characteristics of the country are, what the botany, what the geology, what the fauna? Scarce one scientifically intelligible word: a tree is a tree, a palm a palm, a bird a bird, an insect an insect! We pick up a bone: what did it belong to—man, bird, beast, or fish? We have not the faintest notion! And what was the geology—volcanic, or otherwise? Oh, we forgot to take notice! And so on, and so on. Therefore, what has to be done when scientific information is wanted? Can we depend on the officers to tell us? No! send a naturalist. Not that any very special and profound knowledge is requisite; it is only that geological and botanical specimens have to be collected, that certain fish or plants, for which Drs. Günther and Hooker

would give their ears, should not be eaten or passed by if found. That is all!

But why should not we do this? "It is not our work!" Bah, go to, my friend! Go, see the deck swept; do housemaid's work, since your mind cannot rise above that lowly grade. To us others, though, why should not some elementary geology and natural history be taught, why should we not be able, why should we not be encouraged, to return from our visit on shore knowing what are its characteristic features, able, too, to write out a brief report thereon, if required, for any scientific society at home?

You laugh? And so does my commanding officer—in a different way. What has a youngster got to do with lumps of rock, with botanical specimens, with natural history curiosities? "Throw that filth overboard, sir! you dirty my decks; you make my ship smell; and go on deck, sir! and keep four hours extra watch as a reminder not to do so again." My laughing friend! I put your intelligence and that of my commanding officer's on a par. You are scarcely worth arguing with, for it is as useless, I'm sure, as it would be—Midshipman-Easy-like—to argue with him.

However, surely in this scientific age, every sailor who, by the very nature of his profession, sees more lands outside of his own than most other men, surely he might be justly expected to add his mite to the ever-growing mountain of scientific information. But, as it is, we, who see nature in all her varied moods, we, who roam the whole world over from the "palæocrystic" Arctic Sea to the great Antarctic Continent, we, who girdle the globe several times in our lives, we return with our minds almost a blank, only vaguely impressed with what we have seen; unable a few years afterwards to remember all that which with knowledge and understanding would have been photographed in our brain to our dying day, to the immense advantage of

ourselves, and of all with whom we converse.

Who, that has some love of natural history, has not read Darwin's *Voyage of a Naturalist*, in the *Beagle*? Was ever written voyage more interesting, more readable—although “scientific” from beginning to end? We cannot all be Darwins, but we might, some of us, be humble imitators of the Darwin of that day. We all have seen what he saw—with our eyes. But having eyes, we understand not. And I say that we should be vastly more interesting specimens of the *genus homo* to ourselves and to others, if we were taught and encouraged to understand in our youth.

On this subject, I need but mention what occurred the other day, to illustrate the extraordinary indifference of naval officers to enlighten a knotty, ancient, and scientific problem.

One of Her Majesty's ships, steaming ten knots in a certain direction, meets, if you please, one fine morning, the great sea-serpent swimming and steering in the opposite direction, and also going at the rate of ten knots. And what does Her Majesty's ship? Stop, and try to make a closer acquaintance with this oft-mentioned, mysterious and most singular phenomenon! No! She, like the great sea-serpent, is “in a hurry;” she cannot wait; and they pass each other, the great sea-serpent and Her Majesty's ship, not even exchanging “colours,” at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. And the result is some laughably, miserably meagre details, which *might* apply to a well-known fish!

Surely, indifference to the science of natural history can no further go than this!

Let us glance at another subject on which we are also profoundly ignorant,—foreign languages.

Latin and Greek are supposed to be indispensable for the education of an English gentleman. I do not quarrel with anybody that on entering the Navy we are made to drop these dead languages. I maintain an affectionate

remembrance of Horace and Ovid, of the Cyclops, of bibulous songs, and as I pace the deck in my morning watch, the “rosy-fingered Aurora” comes back to my mind, and I think how often since those school-days have I seen it, and of how now I would be much rather in my hammock dreaming of something else. As a matter of fact, I find that I am not much “adrift” in knowing nothing of Latin and Greek, in spite of Dr. Schliemann and Mr. Gladstone. The one living branch of Latin which enables scientific men of all nations to have one common name for natural history objects does not come under the head of a “dead” language. This I can learn like a parrot.

But what I do quarrel about is, that I am not taught any living language to replace the memory of the dead ones; that when I am ordered on board a foreign man-of-war, I am ordered at the same time to go and show off my insular ignorance. How often have I seen two naval officers of different nationalities bowing and grinning to each other idiotically, comprehending each other less than two monkeys would, unable to exchange a word, unable even to rub their naked stomachs by way of something to do with their hands, and as outward signs of mutual amity and peace, as do the New Guinea savages! And why? Because the British officer knows no language but his own; because it is never expected of him to learn; because from the highest to the lowest “nobody cares.”

True: lately the title of “interpreter” has been offered as a blazon on our escutcheon. It means a hard examination, a few pounds extra pay, and your life henceforward an extra burden. For what was demanded of you before as a favour (if you do know a foreign language) is now demanded of you as a right, and we are not quite so far gone in poverty yet that most of us would not prefer the exquisitely rare and sweet pleasure of being asked a favour by our superiors, than to be

ordered about on this matter as on everything else.

And it must be confessed, too, that we are stupid and indifferent to knowledge sometimes, which it is no one's fault but our own that we do not pick up. We have all met young men here and there round the world "globe-trotting." They rush round our little globe in three or four months, visiting the chief towns, sitting about from billiard-room to billiard-room, from "sight" to "sight," to be able to say they have "done" them. And then they return, having done wonders, of course, seen everything, and yet seen nothing; for of any real insight into the countries they visit they as a rule gain none—of the manners and customs of their people, of their laws, their governments, their industries, their comparative place among the nations. All this goes for nothing with them. Their recollections of what they have seen are as confused as the colours at the end of a kaleidoscope, and their ideas fall about as remarkably as do the bits of glass in that instrument when you give it a turn. And we are almost as bad as they—not quite, because we have more enforced leisure infused into our wanderings, because to travel is to us a matter of course and nothing to brag about, because to shake hands with an Esquimaux one day and with a Terra-del-Fuegian the next, with the Mikado one day and with the Emperor of Brazil the next, with the King of Fiji one day and with the trunk of Siam's white elephant the next, with a New Guinea savage one day and with you, my reader, the next, would all come as naturally to us as it would to them meeting and shaking hands with a half-a-dozen of their friends during the course of a stroll in Pall Mall.

What is mere distance to us? We never think about it. We have our duty from day to day; we vegetate, growling occasionally, and we wake up one fine morning to find ourselves at China, for instance. We are not out of breath, in no frenzy of excite-

ment; our life goes on the same as ever, only that instead of walking among our countrymen we are elbowed by pig-tailed yellow men. Can't you understand this feeling of—what the Yankees would call—"Why! suddenly," wherever we sailors may find ourselves? I suppose you can't, but it exists, and it may be the reason why we resemble the rushing, scratch-surface, yet think-they-know-all-about-it "globe-trotters." By which I mean that we do *not* inquire into the inner life of the countries we visit; that we make the world too much our playground merely, and not a study—if general information so easy to pick up may be dignified by that name; that, in short, in this matter, as in others, our ship is too much our prison, both mentally and physically.

And, returning again to what should be compulsory education, what shall I say of the physical sciences—of chemistry, electricity, &c.—of which we are taught literally—nothing?

No! you hammer only these subjects into our heads which no sooner are we free to drop than we do so like a hot potato. What then becomes of your *x*, *y*, *z*'s, the hunt after which has ended at last? They have run to earth; there let them stay, for it will not be we who will dig them up. What becomes of your hydrostatics, which appear not to have taught us the simplest principles of the science, for when we come to apply them we cannot calculate, though all the data be given, at what angle our ship will, or will not, "turn turtle"? What becomes of your mode of teaching geometry—Euclid, &c., &c.?

I tell you that almost everything you teach us is dropped in after-life from sheer weariness, and the subjects which we do continue to follow up by ourselves must be approached and learnt all over again in a different manner. Do not misunderstand me. Our youthful brains must be wrought, developed, I know. The *how* is here the question. I complain not of what you teach us—in itself. That we should be well

grounded in mathematics, for instance, is the *ça va sans dire* of education—no matter what the profession. But what I do complain of is that you teach us nothing but these (and these but crudely); that you mix no leaven with our daily bread, bread which is as heavy as stones, which sinks and leaves no sign, no lasting sign, as might be expected, that it has nourished our mental condition. Give those of us, I say, who wish it, a chance of lifting ourselves out of the beaten rut of routine, the routine of our cut-and-dried system of education, the petty routine of our daily life on board ship. Let us be able to talk with some authority about other matters than the “shop”—a noble business, if you will—of our profession in life; and able to talk about what we have seen without the apologetic and introductory remark of “I don’t know anything about it.” Depend upon it, we shall not be the worse sailors for this. Surely our minds are capable of taking in something more than the business of our special profession; surely, not being the outcasts of society, not being the silly disciples of the theory “What’s in a name?” not being merely the blood and iron which girdles our land, we should endeavour to bracket our names with those of the searchers of science, to hold our own—in all modesty—with the cultivated men of the day, and not be only one of the numerous tribe of the “*Oh!-he-knows-nothing*” young men?

I, for one—and I am sure there are many like me—I wish to be something more than the rough-and-ready tar, who can spin a good yarn, who can tie clever knots, and who is, after all, in nine cases out of ten worthy of being credited with those physical qualities with which I have commenced this growl on his education.

Are not they going to build a naval college at Dartmouth? Then let there be within it an elementary museum of botany, natural history, and geology. Teach the young idea the rudiments

of science. Give them a laboratory, teach them the principles of chemistry, of electricity, of light, and of heat. Start their interest, awake their intelligence; having eyes and ears, help them to use them. The seed may not fall always on fruitful soil, but when it does it will grow and grow, making life doubly pleasant, and interesting, moreover, to those whose ideas can travel beyond the narrow domains of their peculiar profession. Vary the dull round of x, y, and z, of Euclid, of dry mathematics, with the knowledge of nature and of her laws. Plant the seed, I say, give it a chance to grow; give us a chance of doing away with that reproach that no general scientific information is to be expected from sailors, that—

“A primrose on the river’s brim  
A yellow primrose is to him,  
And it is nothing more.”

And now while, sailor-like, growling, let me have it out, once for all. Only a few words more.

As far as I am concerned, I a naval nobody, I call the whole system of our education utterly faulty; not only that education which does not bear directly on our profession, but to that also which does do so. I say that we, the navy’s youth, are in some professional matters most deplorably ignorant, and the day will come when we, and England, will wake up to the fact with a start. It sounds impossible, inconceivable, that it is only a privileged few who are allowed to make a *study* of gunnery, practically and theoretically; only a privileged few who are initiated into the mysteries of torpedoes; only a privileged few who are taught thoroughly the all-important knowledge to a sailor of surveying and navigation; not even a privileged few who are taught—with any practical result—that science which has displaced the science of utilising the winds—the science of steam; and yet all this is so!

Of the remedy for this I myself have no doubt. It will be found in

keeping us longer studying *on shore*, at a *bonâ fide* college, and not at a farce as is the naval college at Greenwich. For that that college is a farce no one who has studied there will deny. It is eminently so for those who are made to study there, and pre-eminently so for those who go there voluntarily to study. The programme of the "course" for the latter sounds well enough, but the superficial manner in which it is carried out is quite undeniable. And you hamper us there, young men of twenty to thirty, and more, years of age, with a discipline fit only for boys and ship-board life. Your "harassing legislation" worries and sickens us. We gladly escape from your misnamed college, letting pass the honours which we might there gain, the knowledge which we might there acquire, never thinking of it in the future as an *Alma Mater*, but as a place where your paltry naval discipline in all its minutiae has vexed and perplexed us, curbed our good intentions of learning, driven us back, if back we could go, into the small circle from which we faint would have stepped.

Yes! Comparisons are odious, and particularly so when they tell against us. But that the American officers, who do not go to sea (for good) until five years after the age at which we do, those years being occupied in study on shore, are infinitely better educated than we are in some professional matters, I'm sure. That they are worse sailors than we are, I doubt very strongly. Anyway (and why should not I say it!) they cannot be worse than are some of our captains whom I have heard of on board iron-clads, who when the fleet were manœuvring, and the signal flew to change from one formation to another, have had to turn round to their officer of the watch, or to the signal-mate—in both cases *sub-lieutenants*—and ask them (the signal being interpreted) what was meant by that? How was his ship to turn—to starboard or to port? And where the dickens would she be then, and would she be right? Nor worse than the young lieutenant,

become so with a bound because he passed a brilliant examination in x, y, and z, who has never kept a watch in his life before, and who is suddenly placed in the most responsible position of officer of the watch in the flag-ship of a squadron, being totally unfit as a sailor to be there. Giving doubtful orders with a trembling voice, while his men are laughing at him, and his sub-lieutenants too; for while he was grinding away at x, y, and z between decks of a large ship, they were perhaps keeping their regular watch on board of a smaller vessel, and are now therefore comparatively experienced seamen. But what to a sailor is seamanship compared to mathematics? What the safety of H.M. ship, what the knowledge of torpedoes, of steam, of gunnery, of surveying; what to us the honour and glory of our flag, what the knowledge in every practical way of how to keep that ensign floating, compared to the ennobling occupation of superintending decks being scrubbed and swept, wood and brass-work polished, &c.—work which should all be left to the "petty" officers of the fleet?

Let us grant, however, for a moment that to go to sea for good when very young is a good thing. But that is no reason why we should not do our work at college—and real work, lasting two years at least—after we have been at sea, say for seven years, or, in other words, when we are promoted to the rank of lieutenant. Under any circumstances we are on shore for months after this long-expected event, and it is that time in part which should be utilised by a compulsory course of practical and theoretical professional knowledge. As things are now the going to college is voluntary, and one finds it a farce, as I have said, when one gets there. But that every officer attaining to the rank of lieutenant should have a *thorough* knowledge of gunnery, surveying, torpedo warfare, and of navigation, before he sets foot again on board a ship in a responsible position, would appear to our "common sense" to be



the *sine quâ non* of his being there. And we know, too, that many of them never do attain to even a superficial knowledge of these, one would think, all-necessary qualifications.

Looking back on my service afloat as a "mid," I can think of no single advantage that I have gained therein, no advantage whatever which I could not have equally gained by serving that time (or a great part of it) on shore at a college, going to sea occasionally for a sailing cruise in some small craft in the Channel. With the question of how it was in the good old days, when seamanship and a mild form of gunnery were all that were asked of the naval officer, I am not concerned here; but in the present day, when infinitely more is required of him, the supposition that by going to sea very young we become so much the sooner seamen, is wrong. Sufficient proof is found in the fact that the great majority of midshipmen pass their final examination in seamanship badly. But putting aside the false standard of oral examination, the true standard is easily found by the only too natural distrust of captains to trust their ships to the holders of brand-new "commissions," despite the fact there stated that the owners thereof are fit to take charge of any of H.M. ships. And this after five or six years presumed apprenticeship in seamanship!

Confidence in one's self and responsibility thrown on one's shoulders—these are the only methods of learning seamanship, or indeed anything else; we get neither the one nor the other with the inevitable result; and this chiefly because we juniors are in such numbers on board as to be a nuisance to our superiors, and a serious drawback to our thinking ourselves engaged in a "noble" profession. Instead of seeing in ourselves the germs of men whose whole life is to be given to maintain their country's honour and glory, whose whole education from first to last should be to attain that end, we youngsters find our time wasted, our higher education

neglected, our services a drug in the market, to be employed somehow, anyhow, although often most palpably uselessly, both to ourselves and the service.

I shall be told perhaps that little boys do not enter the navy for honour and glory, but in the adventurous hope of a rollicking, jovial kind of a life, with a thrilling wreck thrown in here and there, and old-style naval actions, and scuffles with savages, and dissolving views of beautiful tropical scenery, of strange peoples, of Arctic adventure maybe, of blue skies, and of purple seas over which a phantom ship goes merrily sailing. Well, well! the vision passes, we are soon undeceived; but give us in its stead a sense of our high calling, of our stern duty; something to work for, heart and soul, an aim to reach, not merely an existence to drag out—then die, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Oh, dear me! it makes me savage to think of the many hours—hours! they form years!—of my life that I have spent pacing the deck, haunted by the sole and ennobling thought that at any moment up may hop my "first lieutenant," steer straight for a coil of rope, lift one ring of it up with his toe, find under it a speck of dust: "Here you, sir! why don't you keep your eyes open—what's the good of you!" (What indeed!) "Pipe sweepers, and see the deck swept clean." What was I dreaming of—honour and glory? And down headlong I tumble from the sublime to the ridiculous, my whole mind bent henceforth on observing the aim and direction of a common hair-broom!

And the custom—one of the ruts dug deep by centuries of routine—of making us boys keep night-watch, is, I stoutly maintain, a pure and simple act of barbarism. It does, and cannot but, stunt our growth mentally and physically, tiring us out, both body and mind, for our study-work on the morrow. But if it be considered essential to our education as sailors that we should learn how to sweep a floor clean, we could do so at Green-

wich as well as on board. The necessary housemaids, and brooms, and admirals to superintend, could all be discovered, I'm sure. So, too, if it be for the interests of our glorious service, we could pace nightly a paved court at college. I would hardly dare swear that this brilliant idea has not crossed the minds of its presidents there more than once! Visitors might be admitted, and thus give the British public—profoundly ignorant as they are on all naval matters—a chance of discovering the occupations, manners, and customs, in part, of the popular “middy” when sailing on the seas, and of the way in which he prepares himself to be their country's future “gallant defender.”

So, then, I repeat that I believe the first few years of our professional life to be most carelessly wasted, not through our own fault—for we are but boys, after all—but through the fault of the system, firstly, and through the fault, secondly, of our commanding officers. How little seamanship, comparatively speaking, we learn in all these years I have shown; how little mathematical knowledge we acquire, ask the examiners in college and the crammers outside it. This fact alone, that the majority of us need the services of a crammer to pass with any success, condemns the manner in which our instruction is carried out in our youth. And it is not by hearing a few lectures at a Go-or-stay-as-you-please naval college that these lost years will be ever retrieved.

New modes of warfare, new forms of seamanship; ships and guns, in the old sense of the words, revolutionised—steam moving, steering, pointing them; the engineer superseding the seaman and the gunner; naval science keeping pace with the giant strides of numerous sisters; the old order changing—changed in all except the old idea on education! When will the ghost of this old idea be laid, I wonder? Are we naval men the leading spirits in naval science? Are we not too often the drag on its wheels, which other nations will keep

rolling unhindered, partly because they neglect not the root of the tree, and partly because they are not tied to old and traditional notions?

Ay! build impregnable ironclads, one-hundred-ton guns, torpedoes that can “do everything but speak”! spend millions lavishly on *matériel*, and all the outward show of overwhelming strength! but as soon forbid the use of coals, gunpowder, and all that can make this pomp effective, as neglect the *personnel*, as deny us honest scientific instruction, technical and theoretical; an education fitting us worthily to employ the splendid means at hand; an education which, when tested, may justify England's expectation of her sailors! For it is well to remember that we are trading, so to speak, on the well-earned reputation of a bygone day, of a bygone system of warfare. We are armed with deadlier weapons than had our forefathers, and that we will use them as valorously as they did theirs, who can doubt? But the events of recent years on the battle-fields of Europe have not proved that mere bravery wins the day. We have the bravery right enough in the blood; what I ask for is the scientific instruction to make it prevail. We have the time and the inclination, were not the one wasted and the other half snubbed.

Personally, I believe the American system to be better than ours, as ours is carried out now. But were the idea introduced into the English system of an after-course of real professional study in *all* its branches—except, of course, seamanship, but that we have learnt, more or less, already at sea—at a naval college on shore, a naval college as worthy in its education of our fame as sailors as is already the college at Greenwich worthy of our fame in its buildings and traditions, *then*, and not till then, will I believe that we have any chance of holding by right the proud boast and title of being the “first” among the educated sailors of our time.

BESIKA BAY.

MILITARY STAFF-SYSTEMS ABROAD AND IN ENGLAND.<sup>1</sup>

BY A STAFF OFFICER.

To thoroughly understand any particular period of history, it is said, we should especially study its literature; that to compare one era with another, we should begin by instituting a comparison between the literary works of each, not only as to their intrinsic excellence, but as to the subjects most commonly treated on. If we go back a quarter of a century, we find there was scarcely a work on military art or science of that time in the English language. Napier had completed his classical *History of the Peninsular war* some years before, a work which, although a mine of military lessons for the statesman and the general, is too advanced to be of use in teaching young regimental officers the A B C of their profession. There was then, in the absence of all simple works on military art, a plausible excuse for the professional ignorance of our officers; there were no camps where practical instruction could be obtained, and there were no good English military books by private individuals, or published by authority, from which theoretical knowledge could be derived. The English officer who aspired to be something better than the drill-sergeant could only learn his lessons in the few contemporary essays on military subjects that had appeared in French or German; and unfortunately in those days most of us were so ignorant of foreign languages that we might just as well have been told to study the military arts of the Assyrians in the cuneiform character.

The historical student some centuries hence cannot fail to notice, that whereas the first quarter of the nine-

teenth century was prolific in works on military subjects—when the extent of contemporary literature upon general history, science, &c., is considered—its second quarter added very little to the soldier's library in any country, and it might be said, almost nothing whatever to the British officer's bookshelves. Public attention in England had not yet been directed to the necessity of our officers being professionally educated, and even in the army itself those who knew the *Queen's Regulations*, and the *Field-Exercise Book* thoroughly, were regarded as possessing all necessary military knowledge. We had several little Colonial and Indian wars, from the results of which our rulers ought to have learnt the danger of confiding high military positions to the first-comers, simply because they had become seniors of their regiments, or their names had reached a high position in the list of general officers through the art of living long, by a certain expenditure of money, and perhaps by private interest. The Russians alone had carried on any serious war in the epoch referred to; the French had some interest in fighting in Algeria, but as a rule the armies of Europe had little work to do of a nobler kind than stamping out revolution, either in their own or in their neighbour's dominions, and in crushing the liberties of Poland and the national aspirations of young Italy. No great war except that in Turkey, no life-and-death struggle between nationalities had however disturbed the world. It was an age of peace, of peaceful ideas, and of belief in their continuance, and the literature of the time reflected that condition of things.

If no other proof were forthcoming of the perturbed condition of the world in the third quarter of this

<sup>1</sup> *The Duties of the General Staff*. By Major-Gen. Bronsart von Schellendorf, Chief of the General Staff of the Guard Corps. Translated from the German by W. A. H. Hare, Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.

century than the large quantity of military books published in it, such alone would, I think, be sufficient to convince the future student of history that great stirring events had then occurred. England and France had fought as allies against the great northern oppressor of liberty, the symbol of European despotism, "to save Europe from the preponderance of a power which had violated the faith of treaties." We had a hard struggle for our empire in India, and many small wars in various parts of the world. France had struck Austria a blow so severe that she was still reeling from it when forced by Prussia to fight for her existence in 1866; and the world is still so dazed by the victories of Germany in 1870, that national self-confidence is lost, and proud kings, and still prouder peoples, hang back, not only afraid to maintain "the right," but their own rights as guaranteed by solemn treaties, until they have learnt how these matters are regarded at Berlin.

Of late years a large number of English works on the art of war and military subjects have been published, which compare very favourably with the best and ablest text-books in foreign languages. The latter have also, to a very great extent, been translated by our officers, and can therefore now be read in English by all anxious to master their profession—a very large class at present in our army, I am glad to say. Amongst these numerous translations, *The Duties of the General Staff*, by General von Schellendorf, Chief of the Staff to the Prussian Guard Corps, is well worth perusal. It is in two volumes, of which the first has been well and clearly rendered into English by Lieut. Hare of the Royal Engineers. It is very much to be regretted that only one volume has as yet been published here, although it is well known that both have been translated by that officer. This is especially unfortunate to the public, and it may be supposed to the publisher also, for the second

volume is far more interesting and instructive to the military student than the first; the latter deals only with the staff and its duties during peace, and especially with those duties as performed under the German staff system, which is entirely different from ours; whereas the second volume treats of those subjects applied to war. It may, I think, be assumed that the second volume has not appeared because the publishers found the first did not pay. A considerable number of translations from foreign military books have been recently brought out by the same firm; whether they have paid or not I cannot tell, but I think I am correct in saying that the officers who made the translations have gained nothing. To them the work has been apparently a labour of love, and they are content with feeling they have conferred a great boon upon the army they belong to. Although a large number of our officers are constant students of their profession, still the sale of military works is very limited. This is easily explained; the price of such books in England is extremely high, and our officers as a body are poor, especially as it would seem those who are the greatest readers. I am not acquainted with the mysteries of publishing, so I cannot explain why it is that these translations, for the brain-work of which nothing is paid, should be charged for at such high rates as to place them beyond the means of most officers. This is very different abroad, where military works, being sold at low prices, find numerous buyers. The book now under consideration was originally published in two volumes, at Berlin, for 9s. 3d.; it was translated into French, and is now sold in Paris for eight francs—6s. 8d.; yet for the first volume, which as yet has alone been published here, the charge is 15s. I think it may be assumed that every English military student now reads French with ease; how can a London publisher hope therefore to sell him one volume of a work for 15s., both volumes of which he can buy here in

French for 6s. 8d. All this is so unsatisfactory that our War-Office authorities should take the matter into their own hands with a view to the publication of military works. This question has been mooted before more than once, but it has been put aside through a dread of appearing to interfere with "the trade." Surely it could in no way injure the publisher if these military translations, which we hear on all sides secure so few purchasers, were brought out by the Intelligence Department, in the same way that the English version of the German staff account of the 1866 war, and the translation of several other works, have already appeared. Although the prices of the works printed for the War Office by Her Majesty's Stationery Office are lower than those charged for similar military books published by the trade, still they are far too high. Every practical encouragement should be held out to our officers to study their profession, and the first step in that direction is to issue good standard military works to be kept in the ante-room of every mess, and handed over by the outgoing to the incoming regiment. The object is one of such great importance, that our War Minister should not hesitate to spend a few hundreds a year in promoting it. By study alone can our officers, during peace, fit themselves for the real work of war, and the publication of all the most important foreign current military essays at low prices would be a great encouragement towards study. In France there is a society called the "Réunion des Officiers," under the auspices of which original works on military subjects and translations of all important and remarkable books by foreign authors are published. It receives from Government an annual subsidy of 400l, "pour favoriser son extension, et atteindre, par les moyens qu'elle juge convenables, le but qu'elle se propose." Its total income, chiefly derived from subscriptions, is about 2000l. a year. If our War Office will not help in this matter, it is to be

hoped that the subject may be taken up and considered by the Council of the Royal United Service Institution.

General von Scheffendorf begins his interesting work by a general outline of the staff systems in the armies of all the great military powers and of England. His sketch is instructive to those who wish to draw comparisons; to the English reader it proves that, even in the army which we are inclined to invest with infallibility, because it is the fashion of the day such high officials as von Scheffendorf even can make mistakes. His description of the English staff is not only incomplete, but very inaccurate. Of late years we have been so accustomed to hear the Prussian army system in all its branches extolled as perfection, to be told that what corresponds in Berlin with our intelligence department knows everything connected with all foreign armies, that there is a certain sense of positive relief, of pleasure, to find that the chief of the staff of the Prussian Guard is so imperfectly informed regarding our system of staff and civil administration, and could be capable of making the mistakes he has done on the subject. As an illustration of how wrong he can be, I think the list he gives of the staff that did duty with the troops in the expedition to Abyssinia will amuse most English officers. However, it must be allowed that our staff system is so complicated, is such a patchwork arrangement, that a foreigner may indeed be well excused for failing to understand it.

Except men who have themselves had staff experience, there are not many of our regimental officers who could supply even as good an account of our staff system as that given in the work now under consideration. In the English army there is such a very generally confused notion as to the difference between executive, staff, and administrative duties, that the term "staff officer" is improperly applied by us to all sorts and conditions of men. This mistake is most glaring in



India, where regimental officers employed away from their corps on any duty, civil or military, are vaguely supposed to be "on staff employ." As a climax to this curious misapplication of military terms, an "Indian Staff Corps" has recently been invented, in which the great bulk of the officers are exclusively employed at regimental work, some even in civil occupations, only an infinitesimal proportion being engaged on purely staff duties.

A staff officer is nothing but a representative of his general, in whose name he speaks and issues orders. The mighty work of moving armies, and even the minor difficulties of moving divisions, require the greatest nicety of calculation and the most minute care. To feed and provide for the wants of troops in the field is a very difficult operation nowadays. Were a commander to attempt these serious duties himself he would have no time for the higher functions of his office; no one but a madman would attempt it. He has therefore to intrust them to agents called staff officers. In the same way, when engaged with the enemy, the commander cannot be in every part of the field, and yet it is essential he should know what is going on at all points. This he does by means of his staff officers, who may be styled the eyes, ears, and ready writers of the general they represent. When they speak, express an opinion, or give orders to commanding officers subordinate to their general, they speak as from him; what they say is only entitled to attention as emanating from him, for of themselves they have no authority. From constant and intimate intercourse with his general, the superior staff officer knows his views, plans, and intentions; he thoroughly understands the objects of all projected operations; so that even when distant from him he can give effect to the commander's intentions and issue the necessary orders and instructions.

Von Schellendorf says, "The general staff forms an essential part of modern army organisation." Unless

it is composed of first-rate officers, thoroughly efficient, not only in the theory, but in the practice of their duties, the army they belong to in the field will certainly fail; the men will be badly fed and overworked, columns will go astray, there will be useless marching and counter-marching, the enemy's movements will be effected without your knowledge, and when the shock of battle takes place, with men worn out and officers confused by a multiplicity of badly-conceived orders, nothing but failure need be expected. Although the supply of food is not a staff duty, still it is very important that the staff generally should by constant inquiries ascertain that the men and horses are well and regularly fed by the commissariat. By means of his staff, the general is able to solve the puzzle of being in many places at the same moment, and in that manner of assuring himself that every one is in his right place and doing his work well; all irregularities, whether on the part of the troops, or of the civil or military departments responsible for supplying them with ammunition, food, medicines, &c., &c., must be at once checked, on the authority of the commander, by the staff officer under whose notice they come, and duly reported to the general commanding. If a regiment is not properly furnished with all it needs, the circumstance is reported—not to the department responsible for the supplies in question—but to the staff, whose duty it is to see to it immediately, and bring the conduct of those who are to blame before the notice of the general. The staff is thus a great check upon all departments of supply. It is the primary duty of the staff to watch over the fighting efficiency of the troops, and it can only be accomplished by taking care that their physical wants and comforts are duly and properly provided for.

As pointed out by von Schellendorf, the staff of all military units, brigades, divisions, army corps, &c., in all Continental armies, is under one

head. Not so in England, where there is a system of duality pregnant with mischief. In our army we still maintain the antiquated system of having two co-equal officers at the head of every staff organisation above that for a brigade—to which but one staff officer, a brigade major, is attached, who performs for it the duties of both adjutant and quarter-master general. This Japanese arrangement of our staff gives rise to jealousies and friction that hinder the satisfactory working of the military machine on service. The adjutant-general and the quarter-master general being independent of one another, and their representatives in every division and army corps holding the same relative positions in their smaller sphere of action, the general commanding the army or the division has no principal staff officer to whom he can look, and whom he can hold responsible for the due conduct of the staff duties essential to efficiency. Although theoretically the adjutant-general and the quarter-master general have equal rank and authority, yet practically, during peace, the former is the more important functionary of the two, whilst during war the latter has always been most regarded, because on him then devolves the duties upon which the safety, welfare, and success of the army depend. We have thus two systems, one for peace and one for war, than which nothing can be more dangerous.

In all foreign countries there is a chief of the staff to the army, and a chief or principal staff officer to every division and army corps, who is directly responsible for the distribution of duties amongst his subordinates. With us, if the quarter-master general requires men to make a road, or for any other necessary duty, he can only obtain them by asking the adjutant-general to detail them; he draws up the scheme for moving the army, but the orders on the subject have to be issued by the adjutant-general. Their duties and responsibilities clash hourly and daily during a campaign, and it is

only by the mutual exercise of tact and cordial good sense that the cumbersome staff machinery is kept going. It is said by some, the general should be his own chief of the staff. Our author says on this point: "The general commanding a large body of troops cannot—at least in war—encumber himself with details, though their consideration and proper order may be often of the highest importance. Besides the fact that the mental and physical powers of one man are not up to such a task, the general supervision of all the fighting forces under the general's command would be lost sight of."

With us there is a considerable haziness as to the difference between executive and staff duties, as well as to the curious allotment of work between the two branches into which our staff is unfortunately divided. This is not difficult to account for. Like the British Constitution, the British army has its foundations more in custom and tradition than in written laws or regulations. Those upon which our military system rests are, however, modern, few of them dating back beyond Wellington's time. Sir John Moore and the great Duke, in fact, converted the military forces of the Crown into the army which carried the Union Jack from Lisbon through Portugal and Spain into France; but the regulations they had framed in the field for the conduct of business by the staff, and for the general administration of the troops, fell into abeyance, in fact ceased to exist, when the armies they had been made for were broken up. No military code was framed, no book of regulations for an army in the field was drawn up, based upon the experience gained in the Peninsula, Belgium, and France. After the great war, our military forces were either scattered about unmethodically in the colonies, or hidden away by battalions in country quarters at home, occupying a nondescript position in the country, for they were organised neither as a

purely military body, nor as a police force, but on principles partaking a little of the duties of both.

What is now known as "the regimental system" then assumed and acquired its great prominence. All that is good in it was traditional from our wars, especially from those against Napoleon; the drawbacks and the errors, and what is radically bad in it, which recent reforms have not yet been able to remove, had their origin later on, when our small military units were kept apart, performing no public functions beyond that of being a sort of quasi-support to the civil police of the country. The possibility of a foreign war seems never to have been dreamt of by our people; and the military advisers of the Crown appear to have shrunk from establishing during peace a military system, or a code of regulations for the organisation of an active army and for its administration during war, lest attention should have been drawn to army matters. For many years after peace was signed at Vienna, England possessed skilled military commanders in the Duke of Wellington and the generals he had educated. In those days, before railways, steam-vessels, and the electric telegraph had altered the conditions upon which war must be conducted, and had rendered the power of rapid mobilisation of primary importance, our insular position would have secured us time for sweeping together our scattered regiments, and for forming them into brigades and divisions under those experienced and practical leaders. They knew how to command and to provide for the administration of troops, and therefore as long as they were young and physically fit for work, they could at any time have built up an army fit for war with the bricks which, in the form of regiments and batteries, lay scattered about through the various garrison towns and country quarters of the United Kingdom. They required no written prescription for making the mortar that was to give

cohesion to their units; they were themselves experienced masons, and there was always the great master-mason at hand to advise and to superintend their work.

It is quite possible that this fact may have been one, if not the chief, reason, why the Duke of Wellington never reduced to writing or formulated in a code of regulations the military system he had built up and brought to such a high state of perfection when commanding the army with which he invaded France in 1814. It was not thought desirable to attract public attention to the army by the publication of rules for the establishment of a military system which he and his experienced subordinates could give life to when necessary. But as time wore on these men died, or were removed by physical infirmities from the sphere of usefulness, and with them disappeared all practical knowledge of war and of staff and administrative duties in connection with it. So much was this the case, that when war was forced upon us in 1854, the army was not only unfit for war in tactical instruction, but no rules even existed for its formation into brigades and divisions: the traditions of the "Peninsula" still clung to a few Horse Guards officials who could recall the condition of military establishments when they, in subordinate positions as young men, had taken part in the glorious events our army had achieved there. Upon these memories the army despatched to Turkey was formed. Nothing was ready, nothing had been prepared beforehand, and there was no written, or even well-understood, system or organization for the field upon which the army, hastily called together, should be formed. The officers appointed to it for staff duties were, with a very few exceptions, most inefficient; brave gentlemen of good connections, but without either practical or theoretical knowledge of staff duties, or even of what those duties consisted in. Towards the end of the Crimean War

there was a great and marked improvement in this respect, and the staff of the quartermaster general in the field, under the able direction of a scientifically-instructed staff-officer—Sir Richard, now Lord Airey—had become a credit to the country. Practically he was Chief of the Staff during the later period of the war until he was unfortunately recalled to England to give evidence before the silly commission assembled at Chelsea for the purpose of throwing upon soldiers in the field—the blame of failures for which the Government were primarily responsible. Had he been left in office, and the war continued, it is most probable that he would have established a staff system in consonance with the wants of an army under the altered conditions upon which war is now carried on when compared with those which existed at the beginning of the century.

When peace was made in 1856, no advantage was taken of the staff experience we had gained during the war to formulate a code of instructions for the guidance of staff officers, and although the necessity for a consolidation of the staff had been recognised towards the end of the war by the creation of a Chief of the Staff, and by laying down the rule that all junior officers who might be subsequently appointed to the staff should be available for work either under the adjutant or quartermaster general, no attempt was made to mould our staff at home or elsewhere upon that plan. The Queen's Regulations attempted to fix lines of demarcation between the duties devolving upon the officers employed as military or as assistant military secretaries, and those of the adjutant and of the quartermaster general's departments, but the rules were so complicated and involved, that few clearly understood them, except those of considerable staff experience. So much was this the case, that letters are still frequently sent to the wrong departments; for certain specified articles of the soldier's equipment

the adjutant-general's officers are held responsible, whilst others can only be obtained through the instrumentality of the quartermaster general. In the field all this occasions delay, and gives rise to friction between the staff officers concerned. Indeed, as our regulations on these points exist at the present moment, it would almost seem as if they were devised on the principle of a Chinese puzzle, not to facilitate business, but rather as an illustration of how complicated what might be a simple process can be made. Any system, no matter how bad, indeed—to trench upon an Irishism—no system, can be made effective if worked by able men too sensible and earnest to fall out. It is therefore no proof that our existing staff system is good because it works at present, or even has worked in any specified war; it only proves how well selected have been the officers deputed to work it. I would appeal to those who have had much staff experience in war, or even at our most excellent war school, Aldershot, to corroborate what I have said as to the unsoundness of our present staff system. Such great and radical improvements have been of late years introduced into our army by his Royal Highness Commanding in Chief, he has done so much to convert it into an effective instrument for war purposes, that it is a matter of astonishment to a large number why he has not reformed our staff and brought it into consonance with the military requirements of the age. The practice in many of our recent wars has been to have a Chief of the Staff; we had one latterly in the Crimea, as I have already said; we had one throughout the Indian Mutiny; in the army as organised by Lord Clyde in 1860 for the China War there was a Chief of the Staff; one was sent to Canada in 1861, when affairs looked warlike there; and there was one in the Ashanti War. There is no maxim truer than that which says an army should be commanded and administered in peace and

in war upon one and the same plan. Past experience tells us there should be a Chief of the Staff in war, and we recognise that necessity by having one then, but we still postpone—for it can only be a postponement—creating that post in time of peace.

I have laid great stress upon having a Chief of the Staff, but it is only as a means to an end, the end being the final and complete amalgamation of our staff into one body. It is not because many other nations have long since adopted this plan that I recommend it: I have no wish monkey-like to copy others, being convinced there are many points upon which they might, with great advantage to themselves, copy us. It is no sound and convincing reason that because other nations have an amalgamated staff we should have one too, but it is a good reason for seriously considering the subject. To do so well, the evidence of those who have had great staff experience should be taken by a committee of well-selected men, who have themselves served long on the staff, especially during war. That our present staff system is not good or suited for war is acknowledged by our military authorities in the appointment of a Chief of the Staff when a force has to be prepared for active service; let us know therefore, by the collection of evidence, and by the report of a committee, why it is that, in contravention of the most generally recognised military rule, we should have one staff system for war and one for peace, and why it is that our peace system is radically different from that of all other nations. If the few, the very few, who advocate the present expensive organisation have a strong case, they should not shrink from having the matter examined by a committee, and from having the reasons stated why this apparently illogical difference between our staff arrangements for peace and for war should be continued.

The second chapter of the volume of von Schellendorf, so clearly trans-

lated by Lieutenant Hare, contains a very interesting description of the Prussian staff and of its history. From the detail given of it as it existed in 1657, it will be found that it was then very much what ours is now. Indeed, if we go back still further, we find that in the British army, during the civil wars of King Charles I.'s reign, the staff duties were performed by officers styled, as at present, adjutant and quartermaster generals. In our army we have clung to those titles, as we still, in an unreasoning manner, cling to pipeclay.

The staff organisation of other armies in days gone by very much resembled that of ours now. The experience other nations have gained by great wars has caused them to modify theirs into agreement with the altered conditions under which regular armies fight in these days. Let us trust that those in authority at the Horse Guards, whom all know to have the interests of the army and of the nation most sincerely at heart, may soon awake to the necessity for a reform of our staff, if it is to be made worthy of the army in which it will always have, in war, to play such a very high and responsible rôle.

The duties which properly devolve upon the staff are very differently understood in Germany from what they are with us or in France. Nearly all the routine duties carried out during war by our adjutant general's officers are not regarded as staff duties in the German army; they are performed by adjutants who have not been educated to the important functions appertaining to staff officers, and who are always in subordination to the staff officer over them, from whom they generally receive their instructions. Von Schellendorf, in his opening chapter, defines the duties of the general staff in war as follows:—

1. Working out all arrangements for the quartering, security, marching, and fighting of troops, according to



the varying conditions of the military situation.

2. Communicating the necessary orders, either verbally or in writing, at the right time and in sufficient detail.

3. Obtaining, collecting, and working out in order all materials which concern the nature and the military features of the theatre of war. Procuring maps.

4. Collecting and estimating the value of information received concerning the enemy's forces, and reporting on the same to the higher military authorities.

5. Keeping up the fighting condition of the troops, and being constantly informed of their condition in every respect.

6. Charge of day-books, publishing reports on engagements, and collecting important materials to form a subsequent history of the war.

7. Special duties—viz., reconnaissances.

It is only the duties detailed in paragraphs 2 and 5 which with us can be said to devolve upon the adjutant general's officers, all the others essentially belonging to the quartermaster-general's officers. In fact, the duties for which the staff of the German army is especially designed correspond very nearly with those which constitute the higher functions of the quartermaster general's officers with us, the other duties which we recognise as also devolving upon the staff being carried out by subordinate officers, who act directly under the officers of the general staff, but in no way belong themselves to that staff. Their view of purely staff duties is far more restricted than ours—a great defect, in my opinion, as their staff officers cannot, therefore, be trained for the command of divisions, &c., as effectively as under our system. In all armies the staff has always been, and must always be, the best school for the education of generals. Indeed, as has been most truly remarked in *The Soldier's Pocket Book*—"When an

officer who has never done any but regimental duty all his life becomes a general, he finds himself in a difficult position, which a little staff experience in war would have rendered him familiar with." I think that the German staff is too much cut off from matters connected with discipline and with the administration of military law, subjects in which our staff officers are well grounded at the Staff College, and upon which they have ample opportunities afterwards for acquiring practical experience.

The duties of a staff officer, even in the most restricted sense in which they can be regarded, are so varied that it is no easy matter to specify them, and it is only by a thorough acquaintance and familiarity with all the arts and sciences directly bearing upon the conduct and management of armies that any one can become a thoroughly efficient staff officer. To quote our author's words, "There is no such thing as a science of the general staff, as imagined by some people. Such a science does not exist. It is, of course, understood that the duties that fall to the lot of the general staff officer comprise a knowledge of all the military sciences, and the spirit acquired by this knowledge should pervade every act and the performance of every kind of duty and calling." And again, he says in his preface, "An intimate acquaintance with the rules laid down and customs generally observed in the army to which he belongs is, consequently, indispensable to the staff officer, though a general military scientific training may have of itself nothing whatever to do with them; but he who does not possess the latter will not find himself in a position to be of practical use, even by a blind adherence to prescribed forms."

That most admirable of our military institutions, the Staff College, is destined by and by to work a great change in our army generally. The training received in it cannot fail to improve every officer who passes

through it, and to make him more efficient as a soldier. There are, however, two great faults in its constitution:—1st, officers can enter it only by a competitive examination; and, 2nd, the number of students is far too few. The last defect is easily remedied, little more than the provision of additional accommodation for more officers being required; but the former defect is a radical one, which no expenditure upon building materials can remove. We get some remarkably able officers by that system, but, without doubt, by no means the greater proportion of the men it turns out are fit to be intrusted with staff duties of a high order. In fact, those who go to it are by no means always the best officers in the army. The natural qualities required to fit a man for staff work cannot possibly be gauged by examinations. Amongst a number of men carefully selected as possessing those advantages it is quite possible you may be able to determine which are the most talented by a competitive examination; but I assert in the most positive manner, and without any dread of being contradicted by those who have had war experience on the staff, that competitive examinations alone will never give you the best men as staff officers. Temper, temperament, manner, tact, and physical power enter so largely into the qualifications required to make a really first-rate staff officer that it is impossible to hope to secure the best men by our present system. Very short-sighted men are of very little value in the field as staff officers, and those who do not ride boldly are utterly useless; and yet men with these defects have passed, with flying colours, through the Staff College. A man may be first-rate at differential calculus, but if he has a rough, forbidding manner, or be of a quarrelsome nature, unskilful in the management of men, or unmethodical in the transaction of business, he is not fit for the delicate duties which devolve upon the staff. He may be the best pos-

sible linguist, most highly instructed in all military sciences, a first-rate draughtsman, and yet wanting in practical knowledge of men and soldiers, and in the ways, customs, habits, regulations, and regimental system of our army; wants and defects which no amount of mathematical or scientific lore can ever compensate for. Von Schellendorf says, "The first condition for this" (to be efficient as a staff officer) "is a most accurate and intimate knowledge of the organisation of his own army, especially of its war formations."

In all phases of public life we have ridden the hobby of competitive examinations to death. It would be very difficult indeed to devise a really good and effective substitute for that system in seeking to obtain from civil life the best men for the public service; but in most professions, especially in the army, it is comparatively easy to ascertain who are the best men. Public opinion tells us who are the ablest surgeons and physicians, and tells our ministers who are the best lawyers for the bench. If you polled the legal profession, you could easily ascertain who are the ablest men at the bar; and in the same way, the names of our best soldiers are well known in the army. There is a public opinion in the army, even in regiments, as there is in all other phases of society, and those who would make the best leaders of men in any corps are well known to their comrades. If the three or four seniors of each battalion were asked to name the officer they considered would make the best staff officer, in every instance, I believe, with few exceptions, all would name the same individual. Why, therefore, resort to competitive examinations, which never can test more than the book-learning a man may have crammed into his head! Surely most men will admit that the following plan would insure us having the best officers for the staff:—The three senior officers in each regiment of

cavalry, battalion of infantry, brigade of artillery, and engineer command, to report individually once a year to the general commanding the district or station the name of the officer in their corps who, in their opinion, would make the best staff officer. In many, if not in most cases, the general, in forwarding these reports to army head-quarters, would be able to express an opinion upon the qualifications of each officer named. From these returns the Commander-in-Chief would have no difficulty in selecting the number required annually for the Staff College from each branch of service. Before joining, all those selected should pass a high standard of qualifying examination in science, and in modern languages, Hindustani included. Under this system we should still obtain all the good men we now get from the Staff College, and should be spared the bad ones, who, although they have graduated there, candour obliges us to admit are not, and never could be converted into, good staff officers. Many of those who have graduated at the Staff College would compare in every respect most favourably with the best staff officers in any other army; but I contend that the Staff College, on the competitive examination principles, does not do for our army all that it might or ought to do; that, as a fact, all who pass through it are not the best men in the army for the difficult position of a staff officer, and that many of them are, from various causes or personal defects, quite unfitted for its duties. As a young officer the best preparation for the staff is the performance of a regimental adjutant's duties; and under the system of selection above recommended a large number of men who had, as I may say, graduated in those duties, would find their way to the Staff College.

Whilst upon this part of the subject it may be well to refer to a matter requiring correction in our army. In accordance with regulations, adjutants hold their appointments as long as

they remain subalterns, although five years is the limit for which an officer can hold any army staff place. The only reason for this is to be found in the fact that officers commanding regiments dislike changing their adjutants, because such changes entail extra trouble upon them. Their argument is—"Why change, when you have a good man who is thoroughly efficient, having learnt his work well?" They may perhaps have been put to considerable trouble in teaching him, and they do not care to begin teaching another as long as they can avoid it. They are prone to view the subject as one affecting their own personal convenience. Now as a regimental adjutancy is a position which is peculiarly suited for affording young officers opportunities for obtaining a thorough knowledge in the groundwork of their profession, it is most desirable that no one should hold it for more than three years, or five at furthest. The more young officers there are in a regiment who have been adjutants, the better educated, and therefore the more efficient, will be its officers as a body. In some of the very best managed infantry corps this system of restricting the adjutant's tenure of office to a few years has been followed with the greatest possible advantage to their officers and to the service generally.

Of all the regulations ever introduced into our army, the one fixing five years as the term for which commands and staff appointments can be held has conferred the greatest benefit upon the service, and has conduced most to its efficiency. That term might with great advantage be reduced to three years for the inferior posts of brigade-major and aide-de-camp, both of which ought to be regarded very much as affording opportunities for officers to acquire staff experience with a view to fitting them for higher duties. At present officers graduating at the Staff College are generally made majors of brigade as vacancies occur; in the

performance of which duties their value as staff officers and their fitness for staff employment is tested; if, however, as often occurs, they prove to be failures, the brigades to which they are posted cannot get rid of them for five years. As a rule, general officers select relatives or personal friends for their aides-de-camp. This is very natural, as for the most part the care and management of the general's establishment are included in their duties; and who so likely to do this economically as a son or a nephew? In the case, however, of those who are allowed to have more than one aide-de-camp, it would be an advantage gained if the regulations obliged generals to select all but one of their aides-de-camp from the list of those who had passed the Staff College course. We have already a goodly number of young Staff College officers, and as the number is steadily on the increase, this is not claiming any great boon for men who have worked so industriously to qualify themselves for staff employment. The examination which aides-de-camp are now obliged to pass is little better than a farce.

With us the military or assistant-military secretary is supposed, as well as the aide-de-camp, to belong to the personal staff. In the field he keeps copies of his general's despatches, and is the custodian of his correspondence, especially all of a private nature with the Government, or with the military authorities at home. The time has now come when all such officers should be selected from the Staff College list. The same thing refers in a still higher degree to our military *attachés* at foreign courts, who, unless they are men of high military attainments, are practically useless for the purposes for which they are intended.

It is most desirable to encourage the best men to qualify at the Staff College, and the surest method for doing so is to adhere strictly to the rule that none but those who have graduated there, or distinguished

themselves on active service as staff officers, should be given staff appointments. If men imagine that family or political interest can ensure staff employment to those who are fortunate enough to possess either, the best men in the army will not come forward to undergo a trying education at Sandhurst.

As a further encouragement to our officers to undergo the severe course of study which is obligatory at the Staff College, it is very desirable that a certain proportion of regimental promotion should be annually allotted to those educated there, who have proved their military worth during a five-years' tenure of office on the staff. As already said, the staff is above all others the best school to prepare men for command and responsible positions, and fortunate indeed is a regiment in the field if its lieutenant-colonel and many of its officers have had the great advantage of a Staff College training. In this as in all other matters connected with the army, the privileges, what are commonly known as the rights and claims of individual officers to promotion by seniority, must be ignored in favour of the general good of the service; and in its interests the great aim of those intrusted with our military patronage should be to push on young men of known ability into its highest positions. It is full time that youth should no longer be deemed a disqualification for command and important posts on the staff: the country pays liberally, and is justified in demanding that none but those who have proved their ability at the Staff College or before the enemy should be entrusted with command or with important and responsible positions on the staff. As an exceptional circumstance, a man of von Moltke's transcendent military genius may be able at his great age to direct from an office the higher strategical combinations of an army, and to indicate the general direction of the forces to be employed, but as a broad,

incontrovertible rule, youth is essential to efficiency both in the commander and in his staff officer.

A frequent interchange of duties between staff and regimental officers is very desirable in the interests of both and of the service generally. To dissociate a staff officer from the feelings and common current of thought in the army, by keeping him in any position that removes him for a long period from regimental influences, is injurious to his efficiency. It is necessary that the utmost sympathy and community of sentiment should always exist between the two classes of officers, and if they are kept apart we shall see that distrust, jealousy, and dislike arise between them which we know existed in the French army in 1870. A staff officer requires a turn of regimental duty from time to time to revive and keep alive his feelings of comradeship, whilst the regiment derives great benefit by his presence; young officers are encouraged to follow his example and to study their profession. Indeed it is a great pity that there should be a single corps in the army without two or three men who had qualified at the Staff College. In peace they are of the greatest use to the commanding officer, who is anxious that his officers should become scientific soldiers; and in the field before an enemy their knowledge of tactics, &c., is incalculable. The English army still suffers from old-fashioned colonels, who pooh-pooh book-learning, and can see no use in teaching more than drill, military law, and our system of regimental interior economy. It is a well-known fact, that many of these commanding officers throw every difficulty in the way of their subordinates who are anxious to attend the garrison-instructor's classes. They had never in their youth been required to study surveying, tactics, &c., and they cannot see the use of such studies to others. Hitherto the time of our regimental officers during peace has been frittered away in the performance of petty duties—I might almost

term them silly—which were invented to provide them with some occupation. Now, when there is ample scope for employing them either in learning their profession themselves or in teaching it to others, these trifling duties should be discontinued. The old-fashioned regimental officer however does not concur in this opinion: he has been so long accustomed to their performance, and to set such store upon their being carried out accurately and promptly, that he has come to regard them as essential to military efficiency. A young officer cannot go through these soulless duties and at the same time spend many hours a day in listening to lectures on military subjects, so the colonel imbued with these antiquated notions reports that he has no officers to spare for instruction classes, that all are busy, their time being fully occupied by "regimental duties"! The presence of a few professionally educated officers in a regiment soon opens the eyes of all ranks to the folly of these antiquated opinions. In the interests of the army it is to be devoutly wished that those holding them may soon cease to command regiments, and that their places may, to a large extent, be filled by men who have graduated at the Staff College.

It is difficult to institute any satisfactory comparison between the proportion of staff officers to troops in the English and in the German armies, owing to the very dissimilar manner in which staff and administrative duties are distributed in them. However, remembering that the duties done by our aides-de-camp are mostly performed in Germany by "gallopers," i.e. hard-riding young officers—taken or borrowed from regiments, the number of staff officers with the several military units is about the same in both armies. To those who wish for information regarding the number of officers employed upon the German staff and the regulations bearing upon their duties, I can strongly recommend the perusal of von Schellendorf's admirable work.



## IN PALL MALL.

WHAT do I see!—that face so fair,  
 My friend of years too bright to last,  
 Living again in beauty rare,  
 As yonder omnibus went past.

Amid surroundings rude and low,  
 Stood out the gem-like profile clear;  
 The mouth carved like a perfect bow,  
 The auburn curls that were so dear.

Can there be two with such a face?  
 The other, which I thought unique,  
 Lies 'neath the ivy's sheltering grace,  
 Since many a year and month and week.

Say, shall I follow? Shall I try  
 To leave my death-in-life and live?  
 The picture lost, alas! I cry—  
 Some joy may not the copy give?

Nay, while so much of good and great  
 Is round thy path and at thy side,  
 Force not the hands of wiser fate  
 To give the joy supreme denied.

Yet am I thankful for the glance  
 Vouchsafed me at thy face divine;  
 That for one moment sweet of trance,  
 I lived the life that once was mine.

Adieu—thou fadest as a dream;  
 The work-day world is back once more:  
 Gone is that sudden rosy gleam,  
 And, here's the Athenæum door.

CONSTANTINOPLE.<sup>1</sup>

THERE are four cities in the world that belong to the whole world rather than to any one nation, cities that have influenced the whole world, or round which its history has at one time or another revolved, cities in which students and philosophers from every country are equally interested. These four are Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Constantinople. The first has given to civilised mankind their religion; the second has been our great instructress in literature and art; the third has spread her laws, her language, her political and ecclesiastical institutions over half the globe. And though Constantinople can lay no claim to the moral or intellectual glories of these other three, though her name does not command our veneration like Jerusalem, nor our admiring gratitude like Athens, nor our awe like Rome, she has preserved, and seems destined to retain, an influence and importance which they have in great measure lost. They belong mainly to the past: she is still a power in the present, and may be a mighty factor in the future. For fifteen hundred years she has been a seat of empire, and for an even longer period the emporium of a commerce, to which the events of our own time seem destined to give a growing magnitude. To set before you anything like an adequate account of a city interesting in so many different ways, physically, historically, architecturally, socially, politically, would require not one lecture, but a big book—so you will understand that I cannot attempt more to-night than to touch on a few points which may help you to realise a little better what Constantinople is really like, what is the sort of impression it makes on a traveller, what are the feelings with which he treads

its streets pondering over the past and speculating on the future. Anything that helps to give substance and vitality to the vague conception one forms of a place which one has been reading and hearing about all his life may be of some use, especially at this moment, when we are told that we ought to fight for Constantinople, and may any morning be informed that our own fleet has gone to anchor under its walls. Before I speak of its history, or attempt to describe its present aspect and characterise the men that inhabit it, let me try to give you some notion of its geographical situation, and of the wonderful advantages for strategical and commercial purposes which that situation confers upon it.

If you look at the map you will see what a remarkable, and indeed unique, position Constantinople occupies. It is on the great highway which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and separates Europe from Asia. Thus it commands at once two seas and two continents. All the marine trade, both export and import, of the vast territories which are drained by the Danube and the great rivers of Southern Russia, as well as that of the north coast of Asia Minor, and of those rich Eastern lands that lie round the Caspian, must pass under its walls. When the neighbouring countries are opened up by railways it will be the centre from which lines will radiate over European Turkey and Asia Minor. With a foot, so to speak, on each continent, the power that possesses it can transfer troops or merchandise at will from the one to the other, and can prevent any one else from doing so. Then consider how strong it is against attack. It is guarded on both sides by a long and narrow strait—to the N.E. the Bosphorus, and to the S.W. the Dardanelles—each of which can, by the

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered in Aberdeen on January 3rd, 1878, with some additions.

erection of batteries, possibly by the laying down of torpedoes, be easily rendered impregnable to a naval attack. For the Bosphorus, as you probably know, is fifteen miles long, with bold rocky hills on either side, and a channel which is not only winding but is nowhere over two miles and in some places scarcely half a mile wide. And it possesses a splendid harbour, land-locked, tideless, and with water deep enough to float the largest vessels. On the land side it is scarcely less defensible, being covered by an almost continuous line of hills, lakes, and marshes, with a comparatively narrow passage through them, which offers great advantages for the erection of fortifications. There is no other such site in the world for an imperial city. In other respects it is equally fortunate. Of its beauty I shall say something presently. Although the climate is very hot in summer, and pretty keen in winter, it is agreeable, for the air is kept deliciously fresh by the seldom failing breezes that blow down from the Euxine or up from the Ægean sea, and the sea itself is a great purifier. Though there is no tide there is a swift surface current sweeping down into the sea of Marmora and the Mediterranean, a current at one point so strong that boats have to be towed up along the shore, which carries off whatever is thrown into the water. So, though it is one of the dirtiest towns in the East, I fancy it is one of the most healthy.

You may easily believe that such an attractive site was not left long unoccupied. In the year 667 B.C., not a hundred years after the foundation of Rome, and about the time when King Esarhaddon was attacking Manasseh, son of Hezekiah, at Jerusalem, some Greeks from Megara, a little city between Athens and Corinth, came sailing up into these scarcely explored seas, and settled on this tempting point of land, where they built a city, which they called Byzantium, and surrounded it with walls to keep off the wild tribes of the Thracian mainland. They were not, however,

the first settlers in the neighbourhood, for seventeen years before another band of Greeks, also from Megara, had established themselves on a promontory opposite, on the Asiatic side of the strait, and founded the town of Chalcedon, which still remains there, and is now called Kadikeui. It was a standing joke among the ancients that the people who took the site of Chalcedon when they might have taken that of Byzantium must have been blind: so the story went, that when the Megarians asked the oracle of Apollo at Delphi where they should send a colony to, the oracle bid them fix themselves opposite the blind men; when therefore, on sailing up this way, they saw a town planted opposite this so far superior spot, they concluded that its inhabitants must be the blind men whom Apollo meant, and established themselves here accordingly.

The city soon grew and throve, not only because it was well placed for trade, but on account of the shoals of fish—a fish called pelamys, which has been conjectured to be a kind of tunny—that used to come down from the Black Sea, and which were attracted into the harbour by the stream of fine fresh water which flowed into the upper end of it. Whether the fresh water brought down insects or other tiny creatures on which the fish fed, or whether it caused the growth of beds of sea-weed which served as pasture, is not clear, but at any rate it was the stream that lured in the fish, and the fish that made the fortune of the place. For the Byzantines drove a roaring trade in these fish—the name of Golden Horn, which the harbour still bears, is said to be derived from the wealth they drew from this source. They also raised a large revenue by levying a tax on the corn ships that passed out through the Straits from Southern Russia; for that region, then called Scythia, had already become, as it is now, one of the greatest grain-producing countries in the world. With this command of a main artery of trade, Byzantium had grown by

the time of Herodotus to be a considerable place, whose possession or alliance was thenceforward very valuable to the great powers that disputed the control of these countries. Having submitted, like other Greek cities of that region, to the Persians, it recovered its independence after the defeat of Xerxes, and became a member of the Athenian confederacy, till the Athenian power was in its turn overthrown. In the days of Philip of Macedon, it was again an ally of Athens, and stood a famous siege from that prince, a siege whose happy issue was due to the energy with which Demosthenes pressed the Athenians to send succour to it when it was on the point of yielding. It is related that during this siege a bright light in the form of a crescent was seen in the sky, and accepted by the Byzantines as a sign of deliverance; and that after Philip's repulse, they took the Crescent to be the device of the city, which it continued to be till the Turkish conquest. Some hold that this is the origin of the Crescent as the Ottoman badge.<sup>1</sup> Many another attack it had to resist, both before and after it submitted to the dominion of Rome. But whatever misfortune might befall it at the hands of enemies, it always recovered its wealth and consequence. The inhabitants are described as a race of well-to-do, luxurious people, much given to good eating and drinking, since they had abundance of fish, and the neighbouring country produced excellent wine. It was a story against them that when a Byzantine officer ought to be at his post on the walls, he was generally to be found in a cook shop or tavern. In A.D. 330, Constantine the Great, who had then become sole emperor at Rome, determined to found a new capital, which would be a better centre of defence for the part of his empire which seemed most threatened by the barbarians of the north, and made choice

of Constantinople as the spot. His practised military eye saw its wonderful strength, which had enabled it to resist him for some time in his great war with the Emperor Licinius, and every traveller had long admired its advantages for commerce. Besides, he had just embraced Christianity, and as Rome was full of the majestic monuments of paganism, he thought that the new religion would rise faster and flourish more freely in a clear field, where it would not be confronted or corrupted by the passions and prejudices of the past. He called it New Rome, but his court and people called it the City of Constantine; and the name of Constantinople at once superseded that of Byzantium.

Under his hands it sprung at once into greatness. The old Greek colony had occupied only the extreme point of the peninsula between the port and the Sea of Marmora: the new city filled the whole of it, covering almost the same area as Stamboul<sup>1</sup> does now; and was probably built a good deal more densely, since a considerable part of that area is now wasted in gardens or ruins. He brought some distinguished families from Rome, and allured settlers from all quarters by the offer of privileges and exemptions: as the seat of government it attracted many more, so that the population had risen in a century from his time to more than two hundred thousand. Immense sums were spent in the erection of palaces, law-courts, churches, and other public buildings; and the cities of the Ægean were ransacked to furnish masterpieces of Grecian art to enable its market-places and porticoes to rival those of Italian Rome. One such work of art has survived till our own day, and may still be seen in what was the hippodrome or race-course of the city. It is a brazen column, consisting of three twisted serpents, which was

<sup>1</sup> There is, however, some evidence that the Seljukian Turks had used the Crescent long before; and it has been suggested that they borrowed it from the Chinese.

<sup>1</sup> Stamboul (said to be a corruption of *ἡ τοῦ σταυροῦ*) though often used as a name for Constantinople generally, denotes properly the old city between the inlet called the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, as opposed to Galata and Pera.

brought from Delphi, where it supported the tripod which the victorious Greeks dedicated to Apollo after the great Persian War. The tripod has long since vanished, and the serpents have suffered much—one of them had its lower jaw smitten off by the mace of Mohammed II., and all have lost their heads, but the venerable relic—probably the most remarkable relic that the world possesses—still keeps its place, and may perhaps witness as many vicissitudes of fortune in the future as it has done in the three and twenty centuries that have passed since it was set up in the Pythian shrine.

From A.D. 330 to A.D. 1453, Constantinople was the capital of the Roman Empire of the East; and its history may almost be called the history of that Empire. It had many a siege to stand, sometimes in civil wars, sometimes from barbarian enemies like the Persians, who encamped for three years over against it at Scutari, or the Arabs in their first flush of conquering energy, or the Russians, who came across the Black Sea in huge flotillas. All these foes it repelled, only to fall at last before those who ought to have proved its friends, the French and Venetian Crusaders, who in A.D. 1204 turned aside hither from their expedition to Palestine to attack it. They drove out the Eastern Emperor, and set up a Frank in his place. They sacked the city, and wrought more ruin in a few days than all previous enemies had done in as many centuries. The Eastern Empire never recovered this cruel blow, and though after a while these Franks were expelled, and a native prince again (1261 A.D.) sat on the throne of Constantine, his territory was now too small, and the organization of the state too much shattered to enable any effective resistance to be offered to the progress of the terrible foe who advanced first from Asia Minor, then on the side of Europe also. In A.D. 1453 the Turks took Constantinople, and extinguished the Eastern Empire. At that time Constantinople was sadly shorn of its glories.

The public buildings had fallen to decay; war and poverty had reduced the population to about one hundred thousand, and these inhabitants had so little martial spirit that the defence of the city had to be intrusted to Western mercenaries. Of this scanty population the majority were slain or led captives by the conquerors, so that Mohammed II. found it necessary to repeople his prize by gathering immigrants from all quarters, just as Constantine had done eleven hundred years before. Small indeed can therefore be the strain of old Byzantine blood that runs in the veins of the modern people of Constantinople. Mohammed transferred his government hither from Adrianople, and since his day this has been the centre of Ottoman dominion and a sacred city, hardly less sacred than Jerusalem or even Mecca, to the Mohammedan world.

One word, before we part from old Constantinople, on the mission which was intrusted to her during the long ages that lay between Constantine the Great, her founder, and Constantine Palæologus XVI., her last Christian sovereign. While the rest of Europe was plunged in barbarism and ignorance, she preserved, like an ark amid the far-spreading waters, the treasures of ancient thought and learning. Most of the Greek manuscripts we now possess, and some of the most valuable Latin ones, were stored up in her libraries, and ultimately scattered from her over the western countries. A succession of writers maintained, though no doubt in a lifeless way, the traditions of Greek style, and composed chronicles which are almost our only source of knowledge for the history of these borderlands of Europe and Asia. And the light which still burned within her walls was diffused over the Slavonic peoples of the Danube and the Dnieper valleys. She was the instructress of the Slavs, just as Italy was the instructress of the Teutons and the Celts, sending out missionaries, giving them their alphabets, and, in the intervals of the struggle she had to maintain against them, imparting to them some



rudiments of civilisation. And the services she rendered in this way have been too much forgotten by those who have been struck, as every student must be struck, between the theological and political stagnation of her people, and the powerful intellectual life which even in the Dark Ages had begun to stir among the new nations of Western and Northern Europe.

What remained of literature, art, and thought expired, it need hardly be said, with the Turkish conquest. From then, till now, the history of Constantinople is a tedious record of palace assassinations and intrigues. Not even a gleam of the literary radiance which surrounds the Mohammedan Courts of Bagdad, Cordova, and Delhi ever fell upon the Seraglio of Constantinople. Some of the Turkish Sultans, such as Mohammed II. and Suleiman the Magnificent, were undoubtedly great men; but their greatness seldom expanded itself in any of the arts of peace, and in the city there is nothing to remember them by except their tombs and the mosques that bear their names.

Let me now attempt—having tried to show you how the city has grown, and what are the different national influences, Greek, Roman, and Asiatic, that have acted on it and played their part in giving it its strangely mingled character—to present to you some notion of its structure and aspect. It consists of three main divisions. First there is the old city, the City of Constantinople, which the Turks now call Stamboul, lying between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora, and narrowing down to a point of land, the point which was the site of the first Megarian colony, and which marks the entrance from the sea into the long strait of the Bosphorus. Secondly, over against Stamboul, on the other side of the Golden Horn, is Galata—called probably from the Galatæ or Gauls (Galatians) who had occupied neighbouring regions of Asia Minor not long after the time of Alexander the Great, and some of whom had apparently settled here—a long, low, dirty

district running along the water's edge, and full of Greek sailors and bad smells. It was a mere suburb in Roman times, and bore the name of Syce (the Fig-trees). In the middle ages it became the seat of a fortress colony of the Genoese, who carried on a great trade in these seas, and had their forts and trading factories all round the Euxine. Here they built a majestic tower nearly half way up the slope of the hill, from whose top one of the finest panoramic views of the city may be enjoyed. Behind and above Galata, rising up the steep hill, is the quarter called Pera, where Europeans of the better sort live, and all the European shops are to be found. Here, on the hill top, stand the palaces of the Ambassadors, among which, appropriately enough, our own and that of the German envoy are the most conspicuous, tall piles that look big enough to hold an army. Both these quarters are in Europe, and from them a long suburb meanders along the European shores of the Bosphorus, forming a line of villages with villas and gardens between, that stretches some eight or nine miles to Therapia. The third and last division is in Asia, on the further side of the Bosphorus, opposite both Stamboul and Galata; it consists of a series of towns, the chief of which is Scutari, forming an almost continuous mass of houses along the shore, and virtually a part of the great city, though separated by more than a mile of water, water which is sometimes so rough that the steamers cannot cross.

You may judge from looking at the map what a singular city this must be with the sea running through it in all directions, not merely in canals like those of Venice or Rotterdam, but forming great broad inlets whose water is intensely bright and clear, as well as deep to the very edge. It is as if you had a city built on both sides of the Kyles of Bute, at the point where one of the long sea lochs (Loch Riddon or Loch Striven) comes down into the main channel. Stockholm and New York are the only other great cities

that can be compared with it in this respect, but Stockholm, though beautiful in its way, is on a comparatively small scale, while in New York man has done his utmost to spoil nature, and nature herself has done infinitely less than at Constantinople. Let me try to tell you what nature has done for Constantinople. She has given it the bluest and clearest sea that can be imagined, and vaulted over it the most exquisitely bright yet tender sky, full of a delicious light that would be dazzling if it were not so soft. She has drawn the contour of the shores and hills as if with an artist's hand, the sweeping reaches of the Bosphorus, the graceful curve of the Golden Horn, the soft slope of the olive-clad heights behind Scutari, the sharp, bold outline of the rocky isles that rise from the surface of the Sea of Marmora; and far away on the south-eastern horizon she has raised into heaven the noble summit of the Mysian Olympus, whose snows blush rose red under the morning sun. The sea seems to pervade everything: turn which way you will it meets you, till you get confused among its winding arms. Its glittering bosom is covered with vessels of every size and style, from the long dark ugly ironclads, which the late Sultan bought from the Clyde and Tyne shipbuilders with borrowed money, to the sprightly feluccas and other odd little craft, rigged in a fashion our language has no names for. During the day its surface is seldom calm, for there is usually a breeze blowing, and when this breeze comes up from the S.W. and meets the strong current running down from the Black Sea, it raises in a moment short sharp waves, a kind of chopping sea that makes the small boats vanish. The nights, however, are often still and serene, and then under the brilliant moon the city seems to lie engirt by a flood of molten silver.

From the shore, lined with masts, the hills rise almost everywhere steeply, bearing on their side and tops the town, or rather these three towns, looking across at one another, which

I have endeavoured to describe. The houses are mostly of glittering white, densely packed together, but interrupted every here and there by a grove of tall dark-green cypresses. Such an ancient grove almost covers one side of the hill of Pera, overshadowing a large cemetery called the Field of the Dead. The Turks say that the smell of the cypress and the resin it exudes destroy the miasma of a graveyard. At any rate their sombre hue and stiff outline harmonise well with the ruinous tombs that lie scattered round their trunks; for in Turkey the graves are not inclosed, and the stone once stuck into the ground is left neglected to totter or fall. Out of the mass of white walls and red roofs rise the vast domes of the mosques, and beside or round each mosque, two or four, or even six slender minarets, tall needle-like towers of marble, with a small open gallery running round the outside, whence, four times a day, the shrill cry of the man who calls the faithful to prayer is heard over the hum of the crowd below. The houses in Stamboul itself are seldom over two or three stories high, and often of wood, sometimes whitewashed, sometimes painted red or yellow, and generally rickety and flimsy-looking. In Pera and the suburbs one finds substantial mansions and villas, but these mostly belong to well-to-do Christian merchants. There are few public buildings besides the mosques to be seen, for the old palaces have been burned—Constantinople is a terrible place for fires—and as for the new ones, of which there are more than enough, they are mostly long low structures in the modern French or Italian style, upon the edge of the Bosphorus. Sultan Abdul Aziz spent millions upon these erections; in fact, the loans made since the Crimean war were nearly entirely sunk in these and in his men-of-war. They tell a story of one of the prettiest of them, that he built it at an enormous cost as a place to go to for coffee in the afternoon. When it was finished he

went, and finding himself with a headache next morning, took a disgust to it, and never entered it afterwards. This is what personal government comes to in the East. As for the ordinary ornaments of European capitals — museums, picture-galleries, theatres, libraries, universities, and so forth — they don't exist at all. The administration cares for none of such things, and has hardly even supplied itself with respectable public offices (except the Ministry of War, which is a large place with the air of a barrack, deforming the finest site in Stamboul); and private enterprise has produced nothing more than two or three wretched little places of amusement for the Franks and Greeks of Pera. Nowhere is there a church to be discovered. Half the inhabitants are Christians; and most of them devout Christians according to their lights; but the Muslim population, who are the object of our protecting care, are still intolerant enough to be irritated by the sight of a place of Christian worship. So the churches are all (except the English church in Pera) comparatively small and obscure, hidden away in corners where they don't catch the eye. The ancient churches have been nearly all turned into mosques or suffered to fall to ruin, so that little material remains for the student of mediæval architecture. In fact, one may get a better notion of Byzantine art at Ravenna alone than in the whole territories of the later Eastern Empire.

People are always saying that the inside of Constantinople dispels the illusions which the view of it from the sea or the neighbouring hills has produced. But those who say so, if they are not merely repeating the commonplaces of their guide-book, can have no eye for the picturesque. I grant that the interior is very dirty and irregular and tumble-down, that smells offend the nose, and loud harsh cries the ear. But then, it is so wonderfully strange and curious and complex, full of such bits of colour, such varieties of human life, such far-reach-

ing associations from the past, that whatever an inhabitant may desire, a visitor at least would not willingly see anything improved or cleared away. The streets are crooked and narrow, climbing up steep hills, or winding along the bays of the shore, sometimes lined with open booths, in which stolid old Turks sit cross-legged sleepily smoking, sometimes among piles of gorgeous fruit, which even to behold is a feast, while sometimes they are hemmed in by high windowless walls and crossed by heavy arches, places where you think robbers must be lurking. Then, again, you emerge from one of these gloomy cavities upon an open space — there are no squares, but irregular open spaces — and see such a group of gaily painted houses, with walnut or plane-trees growing round them, as one finds on the Bay of Naples. Or you come to a side street, and, looking down the vista, catch a glimpse of a garden full of luxuriant vines and rosy pomegranates, and beyond it the bright blue waves dancing in the sunlight. Now and then one finds some grand old piece of Roman ruin — an arch or a cistern, or the foundations of some forgotten church, whose solidity mocks the flimsy modern houses that surround it — and is carried back in thought a thousand years, to the time when those courses of fine masonry were laid by the best architects of Europe. Not that there are many considerable ruins, for in this respect Constantinople contrasts markedly with her Italian rival. The reason of this is doubtless to be sought not merely in the superior grandeur of Roman buildings, but also in the fact that while in Rome the old city on and around the Palatine, Aventine and Coelian hills was deserted in the Middle Ages for the flats of the Campus Martius, the site of the ancient city has here been continuously inhabited, each age constructing its dwellings out of the materials which former ages had left. In another point, too, one is struck by the contrast between these ruins and those of Rome. Constantinople has

absolutely nothing to show from pagan times. Though Byzantium was nearly as old as Rome, the city of Constantinople is the true creation of the first Christian emperor, and possesses not a relic of paganism, except the twisted serpents from Delphi and an Egyptian obelisk planted near them in the hippodrome.

There are no shops in the streets of Stamboul proper, for nearly everything, except food, is sold in the bazaar, which is an enormous square building, consisting of a labyrinth of long covered arcades, in which the dealers sit in their stalls with their wares piled up round them. It is all locked up at sunset. You may buy most things in it, but the visitor is chiefly attracted by the rugs and carpets from Persia, Anatolia, and Kurdistan, the silks of Broussa, and the stores of old armour (real and false) from everywhere. Purchasing is no easy matter, for a stranger is asked thrice the value of the goods, and unless he is content to be cheated both by the dealer and his own cicerone interpreter (who of course receives a secret commission from the vendor), he must spend hours and hours in bargaining. Business is slack on Friday (the Musulman Sabbath) and on Saturday (since many of the dealers are Jews), as well as on Sunday. It is conducted under another difficulty, which drives the visitor almost wild—that of a multiplicity of “circulating mediums.” There is a Turkish metallic currency, and a paper currency, greatly depreciated, besides all sorts of coins of other nations constantly turning up, among which the Indian rupee is one of the commonest; and you have to make a separate bargain as to the value at which the coins you happen to have in your pocket will be taken. Hotel lodging, and indeed almost everything, is very dear: for Western books you pay half as much again as in London or Paris. There is little sign of a police in the streets, and nothing done either to pave or clean them. Few are passable for carriages, and the Turks leave everything to

time and chance. The only scavengers are the vultures, which may sometimes be seen hovering about in the clear sky, and the dogs, of which there is a vast multitude in the city. Though you must have often heard of these dogs, the tradition which obliges every one who talks about Constantinople to mention them is too well established to be disregarded. Nobody owns them or feeds them, though each dog mostly inhabits the same quarter or street; and, in fact, is chased away or slain if he ventures into the territory of his neighbours. They are ill-favoured brutes, mostly of a brown or yellowish hue, and are very much in the way as one walks about. At night they are a serious difficulty, for the streets are not lighted, and you not only stumble over them, but are sometimes, when you fall into one of the holes in the roadway, tumbled head foremost into a nest of them, whereupon a terrible snapping and barking ensues. However, they don't molest you unless you first attack them; and as canine madness is unknown, or nearly so among them, nobody need fear hydrophobia.

I have talked about streets from force of habit, but the truth is that there are very few streets, in our sense of the word, in any quarter of the city. It is a congeries of houses: some of them built, in proper Eastern style, round courtyards, some with doors and windows looking towards the public way, but very few arranged in regular lines. It has the air of having been built all anyhow, the houses stuck down as it might happen, and the people afterwards left to find their way through them. Even the so-called “Grande Rue” of Pera, which has some very handsome French shops, is in some places as steep as the side of Lechnagar, and in others as narrow as an Edinburgh wynd. It is a capital place to lose yourself in, for you never can see more than a few yards ahead, and the landmarks you resolve to find your way back by—a ruined house, for instance, or a plane-tree standing in the middle of the road—turn out to be as common

as pillar letter-boxes in our own streets, so that you, in trusting to them, are more bewildered than ever. The Russians, one would think, must feel themselves sadly at sea in such a town, for in St. Petersburg nearly every street is straight, and some of the great streets run so far without the slightest curve (three miles at the least), that one literally cannot see to the end of them.

Perhaps the strangest thing of all is to have trains and tram-cars running through this wonderful old eastern mass of mosques, bazaars, graveyards, gardens, and ruins. There is now a line of railway, which, starting from the centre of the port, goes right round the outside of the city, following the windings of the shore, away into the country. It does a large "omnibus traffic," stopping every three or four minutes like the Metropolitan Railway in London, and I should fancy is the only thing in Constantinople that pays its way; while a tramway, beginning near the same point, passes along the principal line of streets—indeed, almost the only line level enough for the purpose—as far as the north-western gate. The cars are much like ours, built, I believe, in America; but they have the odd trick of always running several close one after another, so that you may wait an hour for one to overtake you, and then find three or four come up, going in the same direction, in five minutes' time.

Of the countless sights of Constantinople I shall mention to you three only, the walls, the Seraglio Palace, and the famous church—now a mosque—of St. Sophia. The walls may be traced all round the sea front as well as the land side of the city, but they are naturally strongest and highest on the land side, where they run across the neck of the peninsula from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. And here they are indeed splendid—a double (in some places triple) line of ramparts with a deep moat outside, built of alternate courses of stone and brick, and guarded

by grand old towers, the finest group of which (called the Seven Towers) stands at the sea end, and was long used as a state prison. In several places they are ruinous, and there the ivy and other climbing plants have half-filled the gaps, and clothed the glowing red with a mantle of delicate green. Many are the marks on them of the sieges they have stood, of strokes from stones hurled by the catapult, and blows delivered by battering-rams, long before gunpowder was heard of. The effect of their noble proportions is increased by the perfect bareness and desolation of the country outside, where there is nothing like a suburb, in fact no houses whatsoever, but merely fields, or open ground, or groves of dismal cypresses. These ramparts were first built by Theodosius (for the line of Constantine's walls was further in), and repaired again and again since his time down to the fatal year 1453, when the Turks, under Mohammed II., took the city. Since then little has been done, except that the Turks have walled up a small gate, still shown to visitors, because there is a prophecy that through it a Christian army will one day re-enter and drive them back into Asia. The stranger probably agrees with the Turk that the event predicted will happen, but doubts how far this simple device of theirs will delay it. It is a curious instance of their sluggish fatalism that they have not only allowed these walls to decay, which after all could be of little use against modern artillery, but that, when the present war began, they had done nothing to provide other defences, outlying forts and lines of earthworks, for the city on this its most exposed side. Indeed one is told that Sultan Abdul Medjid actually gave the walls as a present to his mother, that she might make something out of the sale of the materials; and they would soon have perished, had not the British ambassador interfered in the interests of the picturesque.

The Seraglio Point is the extreme end of the peninsula of Stamboul (*i.e.*



the old city proper, as opposed to Galata and Pera) where it meets the waves of the Sea of Marmora, looking down that sea to the west, and north-east up the Bosphorus towards the Euxine. Here a wall running across the peninsula severs this point from the rest of the town, and probably marks pretty nearly the site of the oldest Greek settlement. When Constantine founded his city he selected this district as the fittest for the imperial residence, since it was the most secluded and defensible, surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on it there was built a large, rambling fortress palace, where the emperors dwelt, shrouding in its obscurity their indolence or their vices from the popular eye. After their fall it passed to the Turkish sultans, who kept their harem here, and from its walls the disgraced favourite was flung, sewn up, according to the approved fashion, in a sack, into the deep waters, whose current soon swept him or her away down to the open sea. No palace offers so great a temptation to crime, for in none could it be so well concealed and its victims so easily got rid of. Great part was consumed by fire more than thirty years ago, and has never been rebuilt; so most of this large area, which is still divided from the rest of the city by a high wall, remains a waste of ruins, heaps of rubbish with here a piece of solid old masonry, there a gaunt yellowish wall standing erect, while in the midst are groups of stone pines and tall, stiff, sombre cypresses, that seem as if mourning over this scene of silence and decay.

It is no inapt type of the modern Turkish empire, where no losses are repaired and forebodings of death gather thick around. And the spectator is reminded of the Persian poet's lines which Mohammed II. is said to have repeated when, on the day of his conquest, he entered the deserted palace of the emperors—

"The spider weaves her web in the palace of the kings,  
The owl hath sung her watch song from the towers of Afrasiab."

A part of the palace escaped the fire, and is still used, though not by the Sultan himself; and in what is called the outer seraglio, close to the wall which divides it from the city, and immediately behind St. Sophia, there are two buildings of some interest. One is the Museum of Antiquities, a bare room, half open to a courtyard, in which there lie, heaped up over the floor, the monuments of Greek art which have been sent hither from the Greek isles and Asia Minor. Statues and fragments of statues, stones bearing inscriptions, pieces of pottery and glass, and a variety of other similar relics, have been thrown together here like so many skeletons in a burial-pit, uncleaned, uncatalogued, uncared for, sometimes without a mark to indicate whence they came. No government in Europe has had such opportunities for forming a collection of Greek art treasures, and this is the result. What it has cared for is seen when you take a few steps from this charnel-house of art and enter St. Irene, the church of the Holy Peace, a beautiful bit of work in the best style of Byzantine architecture, which the Turks have turned into an armoury. All down the nave and all along the walls rifles are stacked, swords and lances hung, while field cannon stand in the midst. The sanctuary of the Divine Peace teems with the weapons of war.

From whatever point you gaze upon the landscape of Constantinople this seraglio promontory, with its grove of lofty cypresses, seizes and holds the eye. It is the central point of the city, as it is also the centre of the city's history. Dynasties of tyrants have reigned in it for fifteen centuries, and wrought in it more deeds of cruelty and lust than any other spot on earth has seen.

St. Sophia, the third of the sights I have named, is one of the wonders of the world. It is the only great Christian church which has been preserved from very early times; for the basilicas of St. John Lateran and St. Mary the Greater at Rome have

been considerably altered. And in itself it is a prodigy of architectural skill as well as architectural beauty. Its enormous area is surmounted by a dome so flat, pitched at so low an angle, that it seems to hang in air, and one cannot understand how it retains its cohesion. The story is that Anthemius, the architect, built it of excessively light bricks of Rhodian clay. All round it, dividing the recesses from the great central area, are rows of majestic columns, brought hither by Justinian, who was thirty years in building it (A.D. 538-568), from the most famous heathen shrines of the East, among others from Diana's temple at Ephesus, and that of the Sun at Baalbec. The roof and walls were adorned with superb mosaics, but the Mohammedans, who condemn any representation of a living creature, lest it should tend to idolatry, have covered over all these figures, though in some places you can just discern their outlines through the coat of plaster or whitewash. In place of them they have decorated the building with texts from the Koran, written in gigantic characters round the dome (one letter Alif is said to be thirty feet long), or on enormous boards suspended from the roof, and in four flat spaces below the dome they have suffered to be painted the four archangels whom they recognise, each represented by six great wings, without face or other limbs.

One of the most highly cultivated and widely travelled ecclesiastics whom Russia possesses (they are, unhappily, few enough) told me that after seeing nearly all the great cathedrals of Latin Europe he felt when he entered St. Sophia that it far transcended them all, that now for the first time his religious instincts had been satisfied by a human work. Mr. Fergusson, in his *History of Architecture*, says something to a similar effect. This will hardly be the feeling of those whose taste has been formed on Western, or what we call Gothic, models, with their mystery, their complexity, their beauty of varied detail.

But St. Sophia certainly gives one an impression of measureless space, of dignity, of majestic unity, which no other church (unless perhaps the Cathedral of Seville) can rival. You are more awed by it, more lost in it than in St. Peter's itself.

The Mohammedan worship in this mosque, which they account very holy, is a striking sight. At the end of it next Mecca there is a sort of niche or recess, where they keep the Koran, called the Mihrab. Well, in front of the Mihrab, just like the Greek priest before his altar, stands the mollah or priest who is leading the devotions of the congregation, while the worshippers themselves stand ranged down the body of the building in long parallel rows running across it, with an interval of several yards between each row. As the mollah recites the prayers in a loud, clear, harsh voice, the people follow, repeating the prayers aloud, and follow also every movement of his body, sometimes bending forward, then rising, then flinging themselves suddenly flat on the floor and knocking their foreheads repeatedly against it, then springing again to their feet, these evolutions being executed with a speed and precision like that of a company of soldiers. Occasionally the reading of a passage in the Koran is interposed, but there is no singing, and this is fortunate, for the music of the East is painfully monotonous and discordant. Women are of course not present at the public service; for that would shock Mohammedan ideas, and in some Mohammedan countries, women, like dogs, are rigidly excluded from the house of prayer, and may occasionally be seen performing their devotions outside. Here, in Stamboul, however, I repeatedly noticed groups of half-veiled women seated on the floor of a mosque when worship was not proceeding, sometimes gathered into a group which was listening to a mollah haranguing them. On one of these occasions I asked the cicerone who accompanied us what the mollah was saying. He listened for a moment,

and replied, "Oh, just what our priests say, to mind their own business and not to get into scrapes" (*pas faire des bêtises*), which seems to imply that the exhortations of the clergy of all denominations are, in Constantinople, of a more definitely practical character than one was prepared to expect. Islam has been so hard upon women, that it is something to find them preached to at all. I may say in passing that, although St. Sophia is by far the most beautiful of the mosques, some of the others, built in imitation of its general design, are very grand, their towering cupolas supported by stupendous columns, and the broad expanse of the floor almost unbroken by the petty erections and bits of furniture and chairs which so often mar the effect of Latin and Eastern churches.

Few buildings in the world inspire more solemn or thrilling thoughts than this church of Justinian. It witnessed the coronations of the Byzantine Emperors for nearly a thousand years; it witnessed the solemn mass by which the Cardinal Legate of the Pope celebrated the union, so long striven for, and so soon dissolved, of the Greek and Latin Churches; and it witnessed the terrible death-scene of the Byzantine Empire. On the 29th of May, 1453, the Sultan Mohammed II. marshalled his hosts for the last assault upon besieged Constantinople. The thunder of his cannon was heard over the doomed city, striking terror into its people, and, while the battle raged upon the walls, a vast crowd of priests, women, children, and old men gathered in St. Sophia, hoping that the sanctity of the place would be some protection if the worst befell, and praying the help of God and the saints in this awful hour. Before noon the walls were stormed. The Emperor, who had fought like a true successor of Constantine, fell under a heap of slain, and the Turkish warriors burst into the city, and dashed like a roaring wave along the streets, driving the fugitive Greeks before them. Making straight for St. Sophia, they

flung themselves upon the unresisting crowd; men were slaughtered—others, and with them the women and children, were bound with cords, and driven off in long files into captivity; the altars were despoiled, the pictures torn down, and before night fell every trace of Christianity that could be reached had been destroyed. They still show on one of the columns a mark which is said to have been made by the Sultan's blood-smeared hand as he smote it in sign of possession, and shouted aloud, with a voice heard above the din, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Looking round this noble monument of Christian art, and thinking of that awful scene, it was impossible not to wish for the speedy advent of a day when the fierce faith of Arabia shall be driven out, and the voice of Christian worship be heard once more beneath this sounding dome.

Now, let me pass from the city to the people that dwell in it, and try to give you some notion of its vast and strangely mingled population. One of the most striking points about it is the sense of a teeming population which it gives. Standing on the top of the hill of Pera, you look down over a sea and port covered with vessels and boats, and see upon the amphitheatre of hills that rises from this blue mirror three huge masses of houses, straggling away along the shores in interminable suburbs, while the throng that streams across the bridge of boats (reminding one of the *Vision of Mirza*) is scarcely less than that which fills the great thoroughfares of London. Pass beyond the walls, or climb the hill that hangs over Scutari, and the contrast is extraordinary. You look over a veritable wilderness, great stretches of open land, sometimes bare, sometimes covered with brushwood (for the big trees have been mostly cut down by the improvident people) with hardly a village or even a house to break the melancholy of the landscape. Much of this land is fertile, and was once covered with thriving homesteads, with olive-yards and vineyards, and happy

autumn fields; but the blight of Turkish rule has passed over it like a scorching wind.

Constantinople is a city not of one nation but of many, and hardly more of one than of another. You cannot talk of Constantinopolitans as you talk of Londoners or Aberdonians, for there are none—that is to say, there is no people who can be described as being *par excellence* the people of the city, with a common character or habits or language. Nobody knows either the number of the population or the proportion which its various elements bear to one another; but one may guess roughly that the inhabitants are not less than 800,000 or 900,000, and that of these about a half, some say rather over a half, are Mohammedans. This half lives mostly in Stamboul proper and in Scutari, while Pera, Galata, and Kadikeui (Chalcedon) are left to the Christians. Except the Pashas, who have enriched themselves by extortion and corruption, and various officials or hangers-on upon the Government, they are mostly poor people, many of them very poor, and also very lazy. A man need work but little in this climate, where one can get on without fire nearly all the year, with very little food and clothing, and even without a house, for you see a good many figures lying about at night in the open air, coiled up under an arch or in the corner of a courtyard. Plenty of them are ecclesiastics of some kind or other, and get their lodging and a little food at the mosques; plenty are mere beggars. The great bulk are, of course, ignorant and fanatical, dangerous when roused by their priests, though honest enough fellows when left alone, and in some ways more likeable than the Christians. But the so-called upper class are extremely corrupt.

These richer folk have mostly dropped the picturesque old Turkish dress, and taken to French fashions. They wear cloth coats and trousers, retaining only the red fez, which is infinitely less becoming than a turban; smoke cigarettes, instead of pipes, and show a surprising aptitude for adding Wes-

tern vices to their own stock, which is pretty large, of Eastern ones. It is they that are the curse of the country. They have not even that virtue which the humbler Mussulmans have, of sobriety. With all their faults, the poor Turks, and especially the country people, are faithful observers of the precepts of the Koran, and you will see less drunkenness in the streets of Stamboul in a year than in Glasgow upon New Year's Day. Indeed, if you do see a drunken man at all, he is pretty sure to be a British or a Russian sailor. When I speak of Turks, I do not mean to imply that these Mohammedans of Stamboul have any Turkish (that is Turkman) blood in them, for they have probably about as much as there is of Norman blood in the population of London. They are as mongrel a race as can be found in the world—a mixture of all sorts of European and Asiatic peoples who have been converted to Islam, and recruited (down till recent times) by the constant kidnapping of Christian children and the import of slaves from all quarters. Their religion, however, gives them a unity which, so far as repulsion from their fellow-subjects goes, is a far stronger bond than any community of origin.

Nearly equal in numbers to the Mohammedans are the Turkish Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians. Though I speak of them together, they have really little in common, for each cherishes its own form of faith, and they hate one another nearly as cordially as they all hate the Turks. The Armenians seem to be the most numerous (they are said to be 200,000), and many of the wealthy merchants belong to this nation: the Bulgarians, however, are, according to the report of the American missionaries, who are perhaps the best authorities, really the most teachable and progressive. The Americans have got an excellent college on the Bosphorus, where they receive Christian children belonging to all the nationalities. Then, besides all these natives, one finds a motley crowd of

strangers from the rest of Europe—Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Russians, Poles, Frenchmen, English. Thus there are altogether at least eight or nine nations moving about the streets of this wonderful city, eight or nine languages which you may constantly hear spoken by the people you pass, and five or six which appear on the shop fronts. Turkish, Greek, Armenian, French, and English are perhaps the commonest. Italian used to be the chief medium of intercourse between West Europeans and natives, but since the Crimean war it has been largely superseded by French. Indeed the varnish of civilization which the influx of Europeans has spread over so many parts of the East everywhere is, or pretends to be, French. So here the music-halls and coffee-gardens of Pera, which are of a sufficiently sordid description, have a sort of third-rate Parisian air about them which is highly appreciated by the repulsive crowd that frequents them.

The best place to realise this strange mixture of nationalities is on the lower bridge of boats which connects Stamboul with Galata, and from which the little steamers run up and down the Bosphorus. There are two such bridges crossing the Golden Horn, both somewhat rickety. The pontoons to form a new one have been made for some years, and are now floating beside the lower one, in the waters of the harbour, but, owing to a dispute between the government and the Frank contractors, they have never been put together, and may probably lie rotting there for years to come, perhaps till some new government is established in Stamboul. It is a delightfully Turkish way of doing things. This lower bridge is also the wharf whence start the little steamers that run up the Bosphorus and across to Scutari and Chalcedon, on the Asiatic shore. Stalls for the sale of food and trinkets almost block up its ends, and little Turkish newspapers, hardly bigger than a four-page tract, are

sold upon it, containing such news as the Porte thinks proper to issue. Take your stand upon it, and you see streaming over it an endless crowd of every dress, tongue, and religion; fat old Turkish pashas lolling in their carriages, keen-faced wily Greeks, swarthy Armenians, easily distinguished by their large noses, Albanians with prodigious sashes of purple silk tied round their waists, and glittering daggers and pistols stuck all over them, Italian sailors, wild-eyed soldiers from the mountains of Asia Minor, Circassian beauties peeping out of their carriages from behind their veils, and swarms of priests with red, white, or green turbans, the green distinguishing those who claim descent from the Prophet. All these races have nothing to unite them; no relations except those of trade, with one another, no inter-marriage, no common civic feeling, no common patriotism. In Constantinople there is neither municipal government nor public opinion. Nobody knows what the Sultan's ministers are doing, or what is happening at the scene of war. Everybody lives in a perpetual vague dread of everybody else. The Turks believe that the Christians are conspiring with Russia to drive them out of Europe. The Christians believe that the Turks are only waiting for a signal to set upon and massacre them all. I thought these fears exaggerated; and though my friend and I were warned not to venture alone into St. Sophia, or through the Turkish quarters, we did both, and no man meddled with us. Indeed I wandered alone in the streets of Stamboul at night, and met no worse enemies than the sleeping dogs. But the alarms are quite real if the dangers are not; and one must never forget that in these countries a slight incident may provoke a massacre like that of Salonika. Imagine, if you can—you who live in a country where an occasional burglar is the worst that ever need be feared—a city where one-half of the inhabitants are hourly expecting to be murdered by the other



half, where the Christian native tells you in a whisper that every Turk carries a dagger ready for use. It is this equipoise of races, this mutual jealousy and suspicion of the balanced elements, that makes it so difficult to frame a plan for the future disposal and government of the city. When, at some not very distant day, the Turk, or, as I should rather say, the Sultan, disappears from Constantinople, who is there to put in his place? We are all, whatever our political sympathies, agreed in desiring that it should not fall into the hands of any great military or naval state. And, what is more to the purpose, the Powers of Europe are so well agreed in their resolve to forbid that issue, that the danger of a permanent Russian occupation may be dismissed as chimerical. But who, then, is to have this incomparable prize, this arbitress of war and commerce? Neither Greeks, nor Armenians, nor Bulgarians, are numerous enough to be accepted as rulers by the other two races. The elements out of which municipal institutions ought to be formed are wanting; and though each of these three peoples is no doubt more hopeful and progressive than their Mohammedan neighbours, none of them has yet given indications of such a capacity for self-government as could entitle it to be intrusted with the difficult task of reorganising the administration of a bankrupt country, of developing its resources, and maintaining order and justice.

Looking at the present state of the inhabitants of Constantinople, and their want of moral and social cohesion, one is disposed to think that organisation, order, reform, must in the first instance come from without, and that some kind of active intervention by the representatives of the European Powers will be needed to set a going any local government, and to watch over it during the years of its childhood. And there is another reflection of some political consequence which forces itself strongly upon one who gazes over

the majestic avenue of the Bosphorus, with the steamers and caïques plying across it. It is this. The two sides of this avenue must obey the same government. The notion of treating these two shores differently, because we call one of them Europe and the other Asia, is idle and impracticable. A strait so narrow as this is really, what Homer calls the Hellespont, a river; and rivers, so far from being, like mountain ranges, natural boundaries, link peoples together, and form the most powerful ties of social and commercial intercourse. You might as well have Liverpool in the hands of one sovereign and Birkenhead of another, as give Constantinople to a Greek or Armenian government, while leaving Scutari and Chalcedon to the Sultan. Fancy custom-houses erected all along both shores, and every vessel visited, every passenger examined when he landed! Fancy a state of war, and hostile batteries firing across this mile or so of water, and destroying both cities at once!

Constantinople is not only a city that belongs to the world; it is in a way itself a miniature of the world. It is not so much a city as an immense *caravanserai*, which belongs to nobody, but within whose walls everybody encamps, drawn by business or by pleasure, but forming no permanent ties, and not calling himself a citizen. It has three distinct histories—Greek, Roman, and Turkish. It is the product of a host of converging influences—influences some of which are still at work, making it different every year from what it was before. Religion, and all those customs which issue from religion, come to it from Arabia; civilisation from Rome and the West; both are mingled in the dress of the people and the buildings where they live and worship. Races, manners, languages, even coins, from every part of the East and of Europe here cross one another and interweave themselves like the many-coloured threads in the gorgeous fabric of an Eastern loom.

Seeing the misery which Turkish rule has brought upon these countries, it is impossible not to wish for its speedy extinction. Indeed I never met any Frank in the East who did not take the darkest view of the Turks as a governing caste. Even the fire-eating advocates of "British interests" owned this. They insisted that the maintenance of the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire was so essential to ourselves that we must fight for the Sultan's government at whatever cost to his unhappy subjects. But they frankly confessed that it was not only a bad government, but an irreclaimable government, which could only be improved by being practically superseded. Premising all this, I am bound in turn to admit that the dominance of Mohammedanism adds infinitely to the rich variety and imaginative interest of the capital. Rome without the Pope is a sad falling off from the Rome of twenty years ago, and Constantinople without the Sultan and all that the Sultan implies will be a very different and a far less picturesque place, for it will want many of those contrasts which now strike so powerfully on the historical sense as well as on the outward eye. He, therefore, who wishes to draw the full enjoyment from this wonderful spot ought to go to it soon, before changes already in progress have had time to complete their vulgarizing work. Already chimney-stacks pollute the air, and the whistle of locomotives is heard; already the flowing robes of the East are vanishing before the monotony of Western broadcloth. Before many years mollahs and softas and dervishes may have slunk away; there may be local rates and Boards of Works, running long, straight streets through the labyrinth of lanes; a tubular bridge may span the Golden Horn, and lines of warehouses cover the melancholy wilds of Seraglio Point. Even the Turks have, of late years, destroyed much that can never be replaced; and any new master is sure to destroy or "restore" (which is the

worst kind of destruction) most of what remains.

The rarest and most subtle charm of a city, as of a landscape or of a human face, is its idiosyncrasy, or (to speak somewhat fancifully) its expression, the indefinable effect it produces on you which makes you feel it to be different from all other cities you have seen before. The peculiarity of Constantinople is that, while no city has so marked a physical character, none has so strangely confusing and indeterminate a social one. It is nothing, because it is everything at once; because it mirrors, like the waters of its Golden Horn, the manners and faces of all the peoples who pass in and out of it. Such a city is a glorious possession, and no one can recall its associations or meditate on its future as he gazes upon it lying spread before him in matchless beauty without a thrill of solemn emotion. And this emotion is heightened, not only by the sense of the contrast, here of all the world most striking, between Mohammedanism and Christianity, and the recollection of the terrible strife which enthroned Islam in the metropolis of the Eastern Church, but also by the knowledge that that strife is still being waged, and that the shores which lie beneath your eye are likely to witness struggles and changes in the future not less momentous than those of the past. It is this, after all, that gives their especial amplitude and grandeur to the associations of Constantinople. It combines that interest of the future which fires the traveller's imagination in America, with that interest of the past which touches him in Italy. Other famous cities have played their part, and the curtain has dropped upon them; empire, and commerce, religion, and letters, and art, have sought new seats. But the city of two continents must remain prosperous and great when St. Petersburg and Berlin may have become even as Augsburg or Toledo, and imperial Rome herself have shrunk to a museum of antiquities.

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